The Student Voice
1944-1945

Worcester State
University

Save, Serve, Give!
Make Democracy Live!
Buy War Stamps!

The Acorn

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of the Axis!
Bonds Buy Weapons!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume III | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, December 16, 1944 | Number 2

School Spirit Has Important Part in Student's Life

How is your school spirit? Is it up to par? Are you an integral part of S.T.C.? If not, come on out wherever you are. Out for dramatics, debates, sports, or some special activity in which you will be doing your part to help build up school spirit. We want our school "on the map" and it won't be unless each one gives all out cooperation.

Do you realize that participation in extra curricula activities is just as important as academic work? The more you put into your four years the more you will receive from them; those students who live a well rounded school life are the ones who find a real love for their school and regret the day that sees it come to an end.

The past year has seen a vast improvement in the spirit of the students of our college but it isn't one hundred percent and there are still a few faces we would like to see outside the classroom at the several activities run for our school. Are you among the missing? If you need a little urging or a reminder to keep your school spirits up put the following where you can see it every day:

S.T.C. Bill of School Spirit:

Constantly remind others that your college is the best college of all. Participate in extra curricula activities.

Give full cooperation when you are asked to do something for the school.

Let the halls echo with the school song more often.

Learn to really love your school and be thankful that you have the opportunity to be here at S.T.C. during this time of war.

Above all be proud of your school and the fact that some day you will be a graduate of S.T.C.

Paper Shortage at STC Is Again Acute

The paper shortage at S.T.C. is once again acute and we join President Carpenter in an appeal to the entire student body. There are innumerable ways of saving paper; and if each one of us will sincerely try to cut down in just one of those ways, it will promptly solve the paper situation here at school.

However, this is not a problem that can be solved in one day. We must try to conserve constantly.

We believe that there would be no paper shortage if we all stopped for a moment to consider each piece of paper we save will bring our boys home more quickly and safely.

When we put it on that basis, I am sure S.T.C. will lend a hand and bring the practice of wasting paper unnecessarily to a stop. How about it!

May You Experience
the Joys of the Season
and May Your
New Year
Be Blessed with Peace

Prayer for Christmas 1944

DORIS SKRIVARS

Dear God, this solemn Christmas tide,
We sit our sparkling tree beside;
Our hearts lift up in prayer to Thee
For all our loved ones 'cross the sea.
And then, as always our hearts cried
For "peace on earth good will toward men."

This day so joyous Thou didst give
Thy Son to us, that we might live,
Unite our hearts with those we love
In prayer and praise to Thee above
God, let this all be transitive
Toward "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Through hushed and snown streets we slip
To Thy bless'd church, and on our trip,
See candles gleaming on the snow,
And children carolling as they go;
For dear ones on far land or ship,
With "peace on earth, good will toward men."

As we sit down to sumptuous fare,
We think of thousands "over there,"
And Europe's children starved and gaunt.
Lord, grant them every need and want
Our heartfelt wish we now declare
For "peace on earth, good will toward men."

This year we have a wider scope,
Though in the darkness we still grope.
Through this day's joys the sorrows run,
But recompense there still is one.
We thank Thee for the Christmas hope
Of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Dr. Shiridharani Speaks at Assembly

One nebulous conception which I held in my mind until recently has been cleared up by the appearance of Dr. Shiridharani on our stage. Until a few weeks ago I was of the school of thought that Indians were always to be associated with mysticism, Yogis, and shady characters who dwelt in Elysian Fields within this vale of tears we call Earth. This must be a very common, far-reaching opinion which the western world holds of our "good neighbors" of the Middle East as evidenced by Dr. Shiridharani's good-natured remarks concerning his address to that far-famed American institution, Rotary Club.

However, Dr. Shiridharani was quite the antithesis of what we expected. Dispensing with his Western appearance, his subtle humor was such that it could not be associated with the legendary stoical Indian. We might say he had a flare for repartee. His ability to juggle huge figures certainly is an American trait.

I think we may all profit from Dr. Shiridharani's appearance here; not so much by what he said, but by himself. We of the occident who are so self-enlightened feel that we are going to protect and defend all the minorities of the East such as India. We condescend toward them as though they have nothing to offer the world, that every last one of them is poor and uneducated, Dr. Shiridharani did much unknowingly, perhaps, to break down that misconception. He is an excellent example of the educated, cosmopolitan Indian who takes a keen interest in world affairs and who, though part of a minority is a powerful factor in Indian affairs.

Dramatic Club's "Nine Girls" Is Well Received

After seeing Friday night's performance of the Dramatic Club play "Nine Girls", we have reached the conclusion that the Dramatic Club of Worcester State Teachers College need not bow low before any one member of the famed Theatre Guild, or that Miss O'Donnell need take pointers from Guthrie McClintic or Margaret Webster. "Nine Girls" was tops in our estimation! It was definitely the best play ever produced at Worcester State Teachers College, or ever produced in Worcester.

Now, while the members of the cast are resting on their laurels (they deserve orchids for their performance), let us recapitulate some of the events in the play. Martha Russin really portrayed the blasé, self-assured actress all through the play. Pat Hehir displayed a genuine professional bearing that was quite effective. Of course, Maureen Warner was her usual charming self. She tells me (off the record, of course) that her tripping the light fantastic in the first act resulted in several cracked ribs and a pulled ligament. But, in accordance with the tradition of the theater, that "the show must go on", Maureen (Bernhardt) Warner, struggled on making a general pest of herself in the following acts.

Who would have thought Barbara Tomolonius could be such a cold, deliberate killer? After seeing her performance, I don't trust my friends anymore. Et tu, Brute? Louise Temple enacted magnificently her role of a Red. Pat Doyle shows a definite flare for tragedy.

Sylvia Badrigian was very sweet and poised throughout and the two pledges, Dot Smith and Gerry Guertin, were cute but quiet juveniles.

The dramatic art has definitely quite a few excellent interpreters here at Worcester State Teachers College. They all deserve a round of applause. That's all for now. I must rush off because I, too, am a lover of the theatre and I have to practise my role of "Lassie" from the picture of the same name.

Do You Know?

That our Mary Galvin has joined the Wacs?

That Mary O'Neil is joining our long list of Mrs.? Good luck, Mrs. Bartlett.

That Dot Holden is going to New York? Well!

That Betty Driscoll is another Mrs.?

That Virginia Palmer has been elected to the honor society of Kappa Delta Pi?

That Celestine has a band? Ask her the news!

That Martha Russin has added two more silver bracelets to her great collection?

That Charlie's gone? Poor Pat!

Glee Club Presents Christmas Program On December 15

On December 15 the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Daniel L. Healy, presented its annual Christmas program.

A series of four tableaux depicting scenes of the Nativity gave an unusual and interesting background for the beloved carols which the Glee Club rendered so beautifully. The carols included a group of old French carols arranged by Wayne Norman.

They included:

Sing We Now of Christmas
As Now the Midnight Hour Draws Near
Although You Are So Tiny
The Sleep of the Child Jesus

Other familiar carols included:

Silent Night, Holy Night
O Come All Ye Faithful
Angel Voices Ever Singing

Miss June Scott, '46, played as her violin solo, "Ave Maria", by Franz Shubert.

Taking part in the tableaux were Marie Daley, Patricia Daley, Martha Driscoll, Eileen O'Leary, Angela Perry, and Dorothy Smith. Miss Joan Smith was the reader of the story of the Nativity.

The Newman Club Sponsors Artist

The Newman Club this year brought to us excellent entertainment in the person of Mrs. Francelia Waterbury who played to a large audience. "The New Mrs. Arden" was a new play written for Mrs. Waterbury.

"The New Mrs. Arden" was a modern play dealing with the problems confronting an actress when she marries into a ready-made family. Each of the seven scenes portrayed a different character, ranging from youth to old age, comic to serious. All were rendered beautifully to a most appreciative audience. The venture was a most successful one from the financial standpoint, too.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick Talks On Flower Arrangement

Mrs. Charles A. Fitzpatrick, well known authority on flower arrangement, gave a very intereting talk at our Friday assembly on December 1. She proved to us that simple things like blueberry branches, grapes, and just a dash of bright color here and there could help make very attractive Christmas decorations for mantles and tables. The assembly was amazed to find the effectiveness and beauty of a white Madonna arrangement when its background was changed from white to bright blue. Then, too, we saw that red, dust-collecting ribbons on wreaths could be replaced by clusters of red carnations, thereby making the wreaths much more animated and appealing.

(Continued on Page 2)

THE ACORN STAFF

(Issued by students of Worcester State Teachers College)

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Christmas, 1944

Christmas, 1944, will be remembered as the time when we were nearing the culmination of the most Satanic and the bloodiest war in history and were on the threshold of what we hoped would be an era of peace and prosperity.

It would be wise for our statesmen to ponder the immaterial, noncommercialized spirit of Christmas while they are laying the cornerstone for peace. Witness how man has made futile attempts in the past at peace, when he failed to recognize the true spirit of peace, and floundered about in a maze of earthly ideas, accepting as his criteria for peace, gross imitations which eventually were proved worthless by recurring wars.

From time immemorial, man has striven to protect himself and his loved ones from the ravages of other peoples. Man in the distant past wielded his stone axe above the body of his foe in defense of home and family. Later, he built his home on the heights so that he might have advantage over his enemy; he walled in his cities and in so doing walled out a spirit of love that would teach him to know his fellow man better. He sat in conferences, trying desperately to patch up a world torn asunder by war, but the doors of the conference chamber were closed on a Being wiser than the wisest of Parliaments.

Man in his greed and cupidity can and often does pat himself on the back, saying; "O you human being, look what you've accomplished in your few short years on Earth—you've conquered science with your skyscrapers, motion pictures, ships and planes." But man's few material accomplishments are infinitesimal when compared with his greatest deficit—his inability to live with his fellow-man. This blot, this stain cannot remain for long on man's otherwise inscrutable character so he sets out to ameliorate the conditions. Poor, deluded man! He handles this problem in the same unimaginative, picayune way he might handle his business affairs. He attempts to materialize PEACE. He begins to envision peace as balance of power, sovereignty, limited armaments, standing armies, and air forces. Man, in drawing up the blueprint for peace draws it with a cool, aloof bearing and neglects the basic principle behind peace— "to men of good will."

Perhaps we have been too harsh on mankind—perhaps he may be able to break his material and human chains that bind him to earthly things.

Is this too much to expect of human nature? Undoubtedly it is, but the fact remains that unless man places before him, mentally—at least—"PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL," he can never avoid war. Economic, political, social, and geographical factors must bow low before this basic, omnipresent factor, this "immaterial, maudlin sentimentality."

It is the undertow which may cast us safely on the shores of peace or drag us down, down into the black void of war.

Prayer of Youth

(Miss Carol K. Ericson who wrote such inspiring words to Londonderry Air last year has written a second verse this year.)

O keep us true to our ideals and loved ones
Through war's dread hour preserve our trust in Thee.
O arm us now with strength that knows no weakness.
Through suffering, Lord, show us humility.
Throughout the world we fight with youthful valor.
On foreign shores we hold our banner high;
That some day peace and love may light this darkness,
And all mankind may raise to Thee the victor's cry.

—Carol K. Ericson

To a Snowflake

Clara M. Saunders

Snowflakes falling, soft and white
Making alive the silent night
When all else sleeps.

Cover deep the dead and sleeping
Softly now and cease your weeping
Earth still keeps.

Violets and May flowers hid close to her breast
Not dead, but dormant in peaceful rest
'Til Spring.

Touches the earth and whispers low
Sleep no more, I bid you grow
A lovely thing.

Snow flakes falling, cover them well
Hold them fast in your icy spell
A little while.

Fields now stern, shall be glad again
Warmed by sun, caressed by the rain
And earth will smile.

Youth Caravan

Caravaners and local young people do everything in morning Workshop from scrubbing floors, daubing paint on dingy nursery chairs to taking pick and axe to build chapels in the woods. We had two chapels grow out of Caravan weeks, each in its unique way.

The first was on the dignified lawn of a large church in the city. A growth of trees and shrubbery made an enclosed cover of smooth lawn that invited rest and worship. We began with the cross. After much searching a kind hearted farmer gave us the only two cedar fence posts in South Jersey. Cedar is a wood which will not rot easily, so we decided to build a stone altar to place in front of our unique cross.

But much to my New England surprise, stones don't grow in Jersey in people's back yards the way they do in New England.

We went on a special expedition one morning in search of any stray stones that could be found—but in spite of careful looking we found nothing but scratched hands and tired feet. We even investigated the beds of nearby brooks to succeed in getting only very muddy and more discouraged.

We finally went back to the farmer who had graciously given us his two cedar fence posts. His suggestion was that we go to an old deserted house site and dig in the foundation to find stones. Up on an equally deserted country road we found our house site, but no stones. We almost decided to forget our stone altar, but as a last bit of curiosity we investigated the almost tumbled-in barn. There we found it—a large stone as big as the old fashioned door step. We like to believe that was what it was once. With much tugging and with decided risk to the car springs it was loaded in and carried happily back to church. An inscription was chiseled into its face and there was our altar, with as unique a history as the cross behind it.

Even though this may sound easy, the building of the divided altar rail, the wooden pulpit with burned-in inscription, the digging of post holes in the hot South Jersey sun in earth that for all its lack of stones was hard, made our finished worship place a project for loving appreciation when dedication night came. At sunset we lighted the fire of consecration on our altar of old stone before the cedar cross, tall and straight and warmly brown in the fire light.

Our other Chapel was even more picturesque. It was in a dense pine woods a mile from the ocean. The sea breeze made soft music in the tall pine tops and mingled with the scent of pine to make incense. But all this beauty was preceded by some real blistering work. And I mean the adjective blistering, literally.

With one cracked shovel, a broken rake, and a rusty cross-cut saw, we dug a winding trail through the tangle of briars and huckleberry bushes, cleared the chapel space and cut logs for crude seats. The cross was a straight dead pine in an open space at the end of the oval clearing. We sawed it off about eight feet from the ground and used a pine slab for the cross piece. A divided altar rail of maple and center aisle of pine needles and fine gray sand leading back to the beginning of the trail made our clearing in the dense tangle of bushes and trees unexpectedly beautiful.

According to a Caravan tradition on the night of dedication, we had a rain storm, so our Pine Chapel was dedicated with thunder playing in the tall tree tops that formed the roof above us, while rain drops made soft overtones falling down through the branches to the carpet of needles and sand. We did not mind getting a little wet. As we silently filed back along our narrow winding trail, the blisters, the lame backs and arms were all forgotten as we came to the edge of the woods and the end of the trail. There, arching from the peaked roof of the tiny one room church to the horizon was a fresh new double rainbow—a final benediction to our Chapel in the Pines.

Clara Saunders

Vocal Somnambulisms

At the Prom the other night a fine time was had by all. We took our feather dusters along and unearthed several items of fascination:

"Eve and Bud—a very nice combination. Hmmmmm.

Joan, whv the sudden interest in the tune, "Don't Fence Me In"? Could it be the six other people in the back seat?

Sincerest thanks go to Bob for his untiring interest in making the Junior Prom a success.

Speaking of Bob, we are all wondering when it will be our turn. From well informed sources we understand that he is all dated up until December 31, 1954!

May we say "best wishes" and loads of luck to our dear classmate, "Ruthie." We are sure this expresses the sentiment of the entire school.

New recruits for kindergarten class enlist at the office of Alma Marshall.

Lonesome! One lone gas stamp. Good for five gallons. Inquire of Miss Mary Foley.

Mary McDonnell has added a new stock of jokes to her library. It is hard to believe that they have exceeded the popularity of the moron jokes with some members of the class.

For Hire: One beach wagon. See Hester!

Congrats to Claire Berthiaume for her arduous work handling the dance funds.

Eleanor Moosey is available for consultation on "Proper Breathing and Breath Control."

Add to items of local color: Cherry Valley maid plus one Sailor located in the Pacific equals?—(one letter every Tuesday).

School Take Notice: A Star is Born: Sylvia Badrigian for her clever portrayal in "Nine Girls."

And now not to keep you aghast any longer we sign this column,

Benita and Eustacia

Mrs. Fitzpatrick Talks On Flower Arrangement

(Continued from Page 1)

A member of the Hortulus Club and the Horticultural Society, Mrs. Fitzpatrick has studied flower arrangement with Constance Spry, English authority on the subject.

They Call It "Student Reporting"

Carol K. Erikson

My little black notebook and I
Go gathering news for the press.
It's often confusing at times;
Yet oodles of fun we confess.

We chase our professors (what fun!)
And catch them on stairs and in halls.
Alas, it is only for news
We make all these queer social calls!

We cover all lectures and such
With paper and pencil in hand.
We're careful of names and events
Our evening? Ah, yes—it was grand.

Then after the program is through,
We hasten to type out our news
And stop at the T and the G
(We haven't a moment to lose.)

My little black notebook and I
Are learning the tricks of the game,
For newspaper work suits us fine
Beg pardon, but what was the name?

Kappa Delta Pi

Miss Virginia M. Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis L. Palmer of Auburn and one of our outstanding seniors, was pledged to Gamma Chi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, national honor society in education, at pledge ceremonies on Friday evening, December 1. Miss Palmer has our sincere congratulations for attaining this high recognition and honor.

Following the ceremony, Gamma Chi Chapter held "Honor Night" to which students of high scholastic rank in the junior and sophomore classes were invited. Speakers were Mr. Edmund C. Osborne, councilor for Gamma Chi Chapter, who related the history of the local chapter and the national organization; and Dr. William B. Aspinwall, president emeritus of our college. Miss Alice A. Syverson, president, introduced the speakers and welcomed the members and invited guests. In the receiving line were Miss Myra A. Fitch, Dr. Aspinwall and Mr. Osborne. Refreshments were served following the meeting with Miss Fitch pouring.

Students invited were Misses Margaret Barsam, Eleanor R. Moosey, Barbara E. Straw, Barbara M. Tomolonius, Maureen M. Warner of the junior class; Carol K. Ericson, Catherine D. Henigan, Grace A. Keegan, Doris E. Skrivars and Dorothy M. Willard of the sophomore class.

French Club

Nobert Bernstein highlighted the program of the French Club with a talk on his experiences in coming from France to America and how he learned to speak English.

A short business meeting was followed by refreshments.

The traditional Christmas party which was held December 11, was a gala and festive occasion.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

What Goes With the Frosh

Did you know that the present freshmen do less arguing than any class that has gone before them? We agree on almost everything—well, with one exception—and that question is: Whose home town is the best? It seems that Marlboro gets enough plugging in class by Margy Carroll and her old pal, Madeline Dalton, together with Norma Gardiner and, of course, our beloved president, Mary Walsh. In addition, Shrewsbury, Framingham, Hudson, and what have you, hold their own always. We Worcester girls do just a little plugging, too!

If the upper classmen would like to know how all the freshmen have dates for all the dances, give heed to this. Whenever a freshman wants a man, she runs to Pat Hehir and she in turn runs to her sailor friend from "The Cross." Barbara Looney helps out along that line, too!

No survey of the Frosh doings would be complete without an item about "our man." Don't be fooled by that line of his, girls! His true love is a brunette from Boston. He promises to bring her to one of the dances—for our approval, no doubt.

I may be wrong, but I'm told that the gym has been made a livelier place by the class of '48. I think that it all started when we found out that Gerry Guertin was a whiz at ping-pong. Of course, the ice is another big attraction. How about that, Sylvia?

While the Frosh do like their fun, they strive for the better things in life, too. We have a few wonderful examples—Clara Saunders, Mary Osborne, and Rose Kaletski, who has rented a place in the library every day from 3:30 to 5:30 P.M. Maybe if we follow in the footsteps of our illustrious upper classmen, especially the sophomores, we'll really get along well! We're really trying!

What Is Christmas?

Christmas is home, the family ties,
Christmas is feasts, with turkeys and pies,
Christmas is friends, companions to call,
Christmas is peace and joy for us all,
Christmas is all the things that we love,
Flowers in fields and stars up above,
Christmas is songs of Christ's lowly birth,
Christmas is peace and good will on earth,
Christmas is hope, a light through the years,
Christmas is strength to conquer our fears,
Christmas is faith renewed in this war,
Christmas is what we are all fighting for.

BARBARA E. STRAW

"Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for a kindness."

—SENECA

"Christmas is not a time or a season, but a state of mind. To cherish peace and good will, to be plenteous in mercy, is to have the real spirit of Christmas."

—CALVIN COOLIDGE

From One Girl to Another

"Keeping busy" seems to be the slogan at S.T.C. these days. Students and faculty as well have few moments to spare, probably because the Christmas season is creeping up on us. Everybody seems to be working in stores to earn some extra pin-money. Why the other evening I walked into one store and saw four girls from S.T.C. working on the same counter. One of them seemed to be having rather a difficult time making a woman with a foreign accent understand that silk had been replaced by rayon in men's socks.

Speaking of Christmas reminds us all that this is the third Christmas that we have been at war, and the boys need a lot of morale boosting, so don't forget to send them humorous Christmas cards to cheer them up a bit. Let's hope that next year they'll be enjoying Christmas at home.

Didn't you enjoy the Dramatic Club play? It was different from others put on in the past and enjoyed by everyone who attended. The Christmas assembly was something that we won't soon forget. It was an excellent performance, but why shouldn't it have been, for both the director and those who took part worked very hard.

Here's hoping you have a very Merry Christmas and that one of your New Year's resolutions will include studying just a little bit harder.

Christmas of Old

Christmas in 1939 was a time of joy and festivity. Bells rang, carolers sauntered about the brilliantly lighted streets and sang their hymns of praise to God. Every home fairly shouted with happiness and mirth.

The most impressive sight at Christmas time was to watch a young child with his small companions enthusing over dear old Saint Nicholas. They placed their complete trust and faith in their "Santa". He was the one person who could satisfy their every desire. In 1939, the young child was led to believe that his faith in Santa Claus was worthwhile. It was right, because aren't our parents really "Santas in disguise"?

Yes, 1939 was a gay and happy year. But this is 1944! This is the time of war and conflict, and struggle. Yet, this is Christmas time!

Our chimes will ring out anew; our carolers will sing more joyously and more eagerly. Our homes will resound with the spirit of Christmas. It is true that this will be a day of sadness for many, but they are not giving in! The people of America will hold fast to their belief in justice and freedom. They will hold back the tears and smile happily down on the faces of their children while the story of "dear old Saint Nick" is told.

International Relations Club

At the last meeting of the I.R.C. Miss Phyllis Boucher, president of the club, led the discussion on the general subject of international agreements to follow the war. The proposal suggested at Dumbarton Oaks was among those considered. Refreshments were served at the meeting.

JUMBO

MADELINE DALTON

In the lower anterior extremities of the humble edifice which we call home, there stands a noble giant, who rules with as much pomp and majesty in his small domain as does a king in his court. His reign, however, is limited: his regal powers extend only from the cool briskness of late autumn, through the bleak cold days of winter, into the windy chilly freshness of early spring. For, as incredible as we might think it to be, during the summer months, Jumbo is dormant.

Annually, he takes his rest during the warmer months when his services are not so necessary. Before the great god of sleep dominates, however, Jumbo summons his valets, who quickly appear with their various types of equipment to prepare him physically for the most peaceful slumber that is possible. Our well-informed gentleman realizes that, just as every individual who seeks to do his work well must have the proper rest, so he, too, must rid his aching muscles of the fatigue toxins which accumulate during his long period of governing.

Let us take a quick journey down into Jumbo's palatial residence. As we step within his immediate boundaries, we behold the master in all his splendor sending out his messages, decrees, and laws to his subjects. These subjects, which are evenly distributed throughout his entire domain, are his limbs—the parts of his body that execute his every command and obey his every law, but, on the other hand, without which he would be helpless.

If you had seen Jumbo year ago, you would have muttered to yourself, "Poor Jumbo! He's a masterful specimen, envied by his neighbors far and near, and yet, he has his troubles." For the sovereign was lonesome, and he showed it too, with never a smile on his face, but always that sober, lonely glance. But who could blame him; for besides being lonely, he had to continuously drink that nasty tasting liquid from one end of the day to the other.

However, if you could see Jumbo again today, you would see that this is all changed. His craving for friendship has been renewed in the person of the "keeper of the flame" who puts into his huge mouth, spoonful by spoonful, these large black morsels of delicious food.

Of course, Jumbo could be reconverted and regulated by one of those "new-fangled thermostat gadgets," which he never could get used to anyway. But, not Jumbo! No, not our Jumbo! Never again! He maintains that he will insist upon individual attention, and certainly not by remote control.

Blood Donation

The use of blood plasma for emergency transfusion has been called the outstanding medical dscovery of this war. The blood of donors, in the form of a powder, is readily shipped to hospitals and battle fronts where it can be used immediately in the treatment of wounded, saving lives that would be lost without prompt transfusions.

Blood for our armed forces is obtained from volunteer donors at Blood Donor Centers established by the American Red Cross. Any man or woman in good health between the ages of 21 and 60 is acceptable as a donor. Donors between 18 and 21 must have the consent of parent or guardian.

There is no pain or inconvenience in the process of donating blood. One pint of blood is taken, and the average person has from ten to fourteen pints in the body. Approximately forty-five minutes is required, and normal activities may be resumed immediately thereafter. Most healthy people can repeat the donation in about two months.

Since January 1, 1942, the Red Cross has collected approximately seven million pints of blood from volunteer donors. To meet the need, a quota of 100,000 donations each week is required. The Red Cross Blood Bank is reserved primarily for the Army and Navy, but emergency supplies for civilian needs have also been arranged. No charge is ever made for blood donated through the Red Cross.

Clock Watchers

SYLVIA BADRIGIAN

There are as many different types of clock watchers as there are people. The best place to find one of these "watchmen" is right here in school. I am sorry to say that every one of our classes has at least one or two of them.

Now some people engage in this occupation through force of habit. They are the ones who are constantly looking at their wristwatches, but can never tell you what time it is. However, they are in the minority.

It seems to me that the greatest number of clock watchers indulge in this folly through sheer boredom caused by their inability to concentrate or want to concentrate on the material at hand. An example of this is the person who, unable to arouse any interest in the subject, has been watching the progress of the clock carefully, and a few minutes before the end of the period gathers up his books and prepares for his exit unmindful of the fact that he is disturbing the entire class.

For those who have not done their homework the clock also seems to hold an unexplainable fascination. I have often watched these unfortunate creatures and am amused to see them sitting on the edge of their seats, one hand clutching their books, the other hand grasping the side of the chair, and their eyes glued upon the minute hand. At the precise second the hand moves, they are out of their seats and down the corridor.

Last but not least are the clock watchers who are taking an examination. For the first half or three-quarters of the period they spend their time on doing only one question. They write; they think; they erase. Then the process is repeated over again. Finally, realizing it must be pretty late, they stop and glance at the clock. What! only ten more minutes? Then the frantic watching begins. They scribble a few lines and dart a glance at the clock. Again they write a few words and glance at the time. This continues until the ten minute limit has lapsed and the students woefully pass in their papers.

So, clock watchers, take it from one who knows. Don't waste time by trying to keep track of it. Forget the clock and concentrate on what you are doing.

Diary of Drusilla

MONDAY: Sneak furtively out of school after fifth hour feeling like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and trying to appear ignorant of the fact that the clubs are meeting. Am not practicing to become the Shadow, but must get to the mighty emporium from which I receive my sustenance, on time. Hope customers are unaware of deep, dark past behind smiling face. Begin to feel like shopping bureau as harassed shoppers ask me for suggestions. Climax of evening comes when gentle elderly man informs me he has daughter my age, and in order to help him to decide what to buy asks what I would like for Christmas. Respond brightly in spite of aching metatarsals, "Tall, blonde, and handsome sailor."

TUESDAY: Come to school with lessons very sketchily prepared after last night's session at the store and have difficult time trying to look intelligent in geography class. Am further distracted by gymnastics of certain instructor outside door while trying to wire Christmas creche. Girl friend adds final touch to distress by clamoring that a "ditch" be dug from St. Louis to East Coast so that the Mississippi will flow in right direction.

WEDNESDAY: Arrive at school in a soggy state because of distressing downpour. Shake water out of curls (figure of speech) to discover name on bulletin board for overdue book. Dispose of this difficulty only to come late to class. After thoroughly unsuccessful day am forced to stand in rain waiting for bus. Wish we could have that post-war waiting station!

THURSDAY: Plan to shop for Junior's Christmas presents after school, but am detained by rehearsal for sophomore assembly. Vainly sing off key in desperate hopes of being sent home. Manage to escape finally, but arrive down street just as stores are closing.

FRIDAY: End week with strenuous square dancing in gym. Arrive home bedraggled and worn. Oh for that Christmas vacation!

Newman Club Activities

The following activities are being planned by the Newman Club.

Dec. 8—All plan to attend Mass at Christ the King Church as a tribute to boys in the service.

Dec. 12—A panel discussion and a talk on "What Is Advent?"

Jan. —Book review by a librarian from the Worcester Public Library.

Jan. 26-28—A retreat will be held at Brighton, Mass., in conjunction with Newman Clubs from other State Teachers Colleges.

The most recent activity was a roller skating party held December 12, 1944, at the Skaterina.

Education in the Postwar World

As victory draws nearer, thoughts naturally turn to the post-war world. Upon the democracies will fall the responsibility of maintaining the peace for which they have been fighting and of remaking the civilization of the world, spiritually, intellectually, morally, and materially. To the United States as the economic leader, and therefore the country with the greatest opportunity, the world will look for inspiration. Can America meet that challenge?

It can, by showing itself a model democracy. This can be done only through making the people ideal citizens, capable of running the country intelligently and for the good of all. We must begin with the education of our children if they are to be intelligent citizens. As the conditions, environment, and problems will not be the same after the war as before, education, too, must change to keep step with changing society.

Children must be taught to think for themselves, for they are the citizens of the future who must solve the numerous economic, political, and social problems which will arise after this war. They must be taught an international outlook rather than a national one, for only through a broader perspective can we hope to maintain international harmony. They must be taught racial and religious tolerance at home, for how can we expect to have world peace if we cannot prevent strife in our own country? There must be a stronger emphasis placed on history, with all the truth—pleasant or unpleasant—brought to light, in order that the future citizens can better understand the world and its problems. Geography must be taught more thoroughly, with the aim to really understand the various countries of the world. The increased study of language would be another method of better understanding our foreign brothers, for Americans on the whole, expect others to learn English, but do not wish to reciprocate by learning foreign tongues themselves. Children must be taught to understand economics, for the problems arising after the war will be largely of an economic nature. Youth must be provided with high mental and moral standards to prevent the lowering of moral tone usual after a war.

To keep step with the world, outmoded subjects must be discarded and necessary new ones introduced into the curriculum.

In every way, the schools must prepare youth to think, to plan, and to act wisely and intelligently.

A well known American humorist and after-dinner speaker was being introduced at a dinner by a long-winded Yale alumnus, a man very loyal to his alma mater. After an introduction which took up one hour and a half, and in which the Yale man extolled the humorist as possessing all the qualities Yale stood for, namely, Y—youthfulness, a—ability, etc., etc., the humorist finally was called upon to speak. He stood up, looked the crowd over and began: "I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for your kind introduction, and I thank God you are not an alumnus of Massachusetts Institute of Technology or we would be here a fortnight."

Whereupon he resumed his seat.

On the Home Front

(Reprinted from *Education* — September, 1944.)

I am the teacher in a world at war;
No uniform have I,—no wings, no bars;
No medals do I wear for valor shown,
No service stripes, no clusters, and no stars.

I keep my vigil in the country school;
I send our flag aloft, I lead a pledge
Of faithful fond devotion to that flag,—
The symbol of a noble heritage.

In village small or city's wide domain
I serve my country in un-numbered ways;
To safeguard children and to bulwark homes
I "gladly teach" my duty done, my praise.

For those who go to scan the face of Death
I have a charge to keep—and no release
By day or night; and till their safe return
My obligations hourly increase.

For thus I help to hold the home line firm;
I shall not shirk that task, nor seek reprieve
So long as boys and men hold firm their lines
Because of what I teach, and they believe.

—Ivah Green

IT WAS CHRISTMAS

Clara Saunders

It was dark, a soft friendly dark—the dark of Christmas Eve. The little house half out of town seemed almost buried in the shadow of the oak trees that bordered the front path and made long dark splotches on the drifts of snow. But from the small front window the lighted lamp made a warm looking patch on the ground broken only by the square shadow of a service flag.

Inside two teen-age girls were putting a battered angel on the top of the Christmas tree. They fastened it laughingly, but with care. That place where her crown was bent a bit was a reminder of the time Jack had tried to put her up in a hurry and had come tumbling off the step ladder, angel and all.

No one spoke of Jack. The mother, frosting cookies with Santa Claus faces, looked often out the east kitchen window. That was the direction of France. But if she sighed it was covered by the steady hammering of her husband down in the cellar fixing Jack's old wagon for the little fellow next door. *His* father wouldn't be coming home for Christmas—ever.

Nothing in life is to be feared. It is only to be understood.

—Marie Curie

Uptown the last minute shoppers welcomed Christmas Eve with tired feet and angry complaints to slow moving store clerks. The snow made the streets wet and slippery. Cab drivers rushed across corners blowing their horn fretfully. A cold policeman urged the people on the cross walk to move along.

In a house on the other edge of town a woman impatiently fussed with her lipstick. She scowled as angry cries issued from the nursery where the children were already quarrelling over their Christmas toys. The falling snow melted on her window and ran down the pane in a weary drizzle. Just another holiday.

But the same snow fell almost reverently on the tall oak trees and made excited whisperings across the window sill of the first little house. Out in the crowded streets and in many homes it was just another holiday, but here, it was Christmas.

RECIPES

These two recipes were submitted by Laura Jacobson with the suggestion that overseas boxes could include these goodies.

BROWNIES

2 cups suger
1 cup butter (½ cup butter and ½ cup shortening may be used)
1 cup flour
2 squares melted chocolate
4 eggs
2 cups chopped walnuts
2 teaspoons vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar, beaten eggs, chocolate, flour, vanilla, and nuts. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

(Especially for the girls who can't get their fudge to harden. Results guaranteed.)

2 7-oz. pkgs. semi-sweet chocolate
1⅓ cup (15 oz. can) sweetened condensed milk
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup chopped nutmeats

1. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler.
2. Add sweetened condensed milk till well blended.
3. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and nuts.
4. Pour in buttered pan.
5. Chill. When firm, cut.

A BLACK COW

To most of us, cows represent a farm, milk, steak, or the cow that jumped over the moon. We see a comfortable farm with cows taking possession of every green carpet. But that is not what a cow means to me. This cow neither wanders o'er the green meadows, nor does he lazily loll with other mates. The animal I am painting is a brown and white one. When he is placed in front of his consumer, snow balls can be seen hugging the bottom of the container, as brown syrup fights desperately to escape from the clutching bubbles of sizzling soda water. As you see, my black cow is the well-known, delicious and refreshing chocolate ice cream soda. While drowning Caesar's Gallic Wars in such a soda, did it ever occur to you that the drink is popularly referred to as a "black cow"?

Eileen F. Bouvier

Prize Story

This is the prize Christmas story written by Miss M. Celestine Terroy, of the senior class.

Christmas for Nancy

Celestine Terroy, '45

Christmas to nine-year-old Nancy Loring meant a great many things. First of all, it meant no school for two whole weeks. Not that Nancy didn't like school. She did. But the two weeks' Christmas vacation was always very welcome to her.

Christmas usually meant snow. And as Grandma said, "Christmas just isn't Christmas without snow." Once, when Nancy was six, there wasn't any snow for the holidays. The little girl had worried and worried how Santa Claus would be able to come. But Daddy had settled her fears by suggesting that probably Old St. Nick would arrange to come in his airplane if snow didn't arrive in time for him to use his sleigh and reindeer. He came all right, and young Nancy didn't spend much time trying to figure out how. She was too elated over her new doll with real brown curls. There would be snow this year; Nancy knew because the daily paper said so.

Then, too, Christmas meant excitement and suspense and guessing. Nancy didn't consider it unfair to peek in Mother's closet once in a while—a couple of times a day, for example. She never could decide what any of the packages contained anyway. Last year she was sure that that extra-long bundle held her skis, but it turned out to be an oil table cloth for Aunt Agnes.

Christmas also meant shopping and rushing. Of course, Nancy did her own shopping. Christmas was the only time of the year that Nancy didnt mind being pushed around in the stores and on the streets. She always tried to be polite and say, "Scuse me," if she accidently bumped into a nice old lady with her arms full of bundles. Nancy possessed very good judgment as to what to buy for the various members of her family. However, she didn't always under stand why Uncle Charlie or Bob (her big brother) would burst out laughing when he opened his gift from her. She finally came to the conclusion that it was just one of those things that a small girl had to put up with from grown-ups. Nancy could budget her Christmas money very well, too. She learned from experience—three years ago, when she had done her shopping, she had bought Aunt Martha's present first and paid forty cents for it. She had bought Mother's gift last, and with a sudden, sickening fear, she realized she had only five cents left for it and could get only a simple, pretty handkerchief. But such a situation never occurred again. Nancy saw to that.

And lastly, Christmas meant the Day itself—anticipation, joy, laughter, gay colored paper, bright ribbon, the lighted tree, food, carols.

With a sudden quickening of the heart, Nancy wondered how she could ever exist the night through for *tomorrow* was Christmas.

She turned over and looked out the window. It was snowing lightly! Nancy closed her eyes and for the thousandth time tried to go to sleep.

To Our Boys in the Service, Our Favorite Subscribers

Hultie Hultquist
Flip McGee
Charlie Farnum
Dick Boulay
Doc Beals
Leo Charbonneau
Butch Evans
King Corn Melia
Fred Kelley
Al Barrios
Leo Sullivan
Eli Barsoum
Georgie Laird
Al Atkocious
Hank Halko

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Lesson for Lounge Lizards

In days gone by we could not smoke
Within these hallowed walls.
To have a "butt" the college folk
Went far from these school halls.

Out in the woods midst birds and trees
From teachers' watchful eye
They went, and often had to freeze
Twas cold, in days gone by.

This situation seemed quite strange
To our new president
So now you see there's been a change
It came with his advent.

We now can stay where it is warm,
And blow the smoke out strong,
So let's be sure we do no harm;
Put butts where they belong.

For ashes in the rug are bad,
And butts in basket worse,
Let's do what's right, and then be glad.

Memorable Dates in December

1—1942; Gasoline rationed in all states.
1943; Announcement of conference of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, at Teheran.
2—1823; Monroe Doctrine expounded.
5—1933; Prohibition amendment repealed.
7—1941; Japan attacked Pearl Harbor (Hawaii) and the Philippines, declaring war on the United States and Great Britain.
8—1941; United States and Great Britain declared war on Japan.
11—1941; United States declared war on Germany and Italy, following declaration of war on U. S. by those countries.
12—1800; Capital established at Washington.
14—1911; South pole reached by Amundsen.
15—1791; "Bill of Rights," the ten original amendments to the Constitution, adopted.
16—1773; "Boston Tea Party."
17—1903; First airplane flight, 59 seconds, by Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, N. C.
21—1620; Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass.
1944; Winter solstice; shortest day.
25—Christmas Day.
1776; Washington crossed Delaware;
Battle of Trenton 26th.

AT
WORCESTER
MASSACHUSETTS

Keep Your
RED CROSS
At His Side!

The Acorn

Back the
RED CROSS
with Your Dollars!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume III | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Monday, March 5, 1945 | Number 3

National Teacher's Exams To Be Held March 16 and 17

The sixth administration of the National Teacher Examination, sponsored by the American Council on Education, will take place throughout the United States on Friday, March 16, and Saturday, March 17. They will be given by Dr. Lawrence A. Averill, examiner, at the Worcester State Teacher's College, one of the thirty-five official examining centers for 1945. Applications for examination must be submitted to Dr. Averill no later than Saturday, February 17.

The National Teacher Examinations have been specially designed by the National Committee on Teacher Examinations of the American Council on Education to provide objective measurement of certain of the abilities and knowledges of teaching candidates. They are used by many school systems along with other information about the individual in evaluating the qualifications of an applicant for a teaching position. Because the examinations have been constructed with emphasis upon functions and applications rather than upon definite facts, no specific preparation is necessary. All examinations are of the objective type and consist of multiple choice items. The tests are divided into Common Examinations including Reasoning, English Comprehension, English Expression, General Culture, Professional Information, and Contemporary Affairs; and Optional Examinations including Education in the elementary school, English Language and Literature, Social Studies, Mathematics, Biological Sciences, Physical Sciences, French, German, Spanish, and Latin.

Scholarship Tea

Attention! All frosh and upperclassmen and faculty! This is just a brief notice calling to your attention the annual Scholarship Tea which is to take place this year on Saturday, May 12th, from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m., in the college gymnasium. Our guest this year, as you probably know, is a Worcester native, Mrs. Olive Higgins Prouty, sister of two local men, Aldus C. Higgins and John W. Higgins. Mrs. Prouty, in some thirty odd years of writing, has written nine novels, among them *Conflict, White Fawn, Stella Dallas* (undoubtedly the best known) and her last published work, *Now, Voyager*.

We can truly say that the Scholarship Tea is the most important social event in our calendar, that is attended by Worcester luminaries, that we have some wonderful reunions with our past graduates and that we have a wonderful spirit of cooperation between faculty and students. Yes! we have all this, but we also have a

(Continued on Page 4)

"Worcester and the World" Speakers At Wed. Assembly

Following examinations our Wednesday assembly programs, featuring representatives of the United Nations, began in full swing. However, before discussing the more recent Wednesday assemblies, mention should be made of the delightful Miss van Hall who represented the Netherlands. Her few remarks concerning the devastation of her country by the Germans were received in complete sympathy by her audience. The thoughts of how the brave Dutch people carried on, in spite of countless privations and personal insults, fires the imagination of anyone who hears of them.

Norway, a few weeks following this talk, was ably represented by Miss Else Margrete Roed, who was a teacher before her escape from the German S.S. and Gestapo. Nothing in Miss Roed's estimation could be compared with the disastrous effects German occupation has wreaked on the Norwegian schools and educational system. Undoubtedly, it will consume much time and effort to erase all the earmarks of German totalitarianism from Norwegian schools.

An assembly that appealed to everyone was the one in which Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo Lim spoke of her country and "our godchild", the Philippines. Perhaps no assembly of the series this year was so enthusiastically liked as this one. Mrs. Lim was charmingly sincere as she recounted the history of the hundreds of widely scattered land-fragments, the Philippines, under their Spanish and American rulers. She expressed for her countrymen a debt of gratitude toward the United States. Mme. Lim is the wife of General Lim, the first Filipino to graduate from West Point. He was captured by the Japs on Bataan.

Our most recent "Worcester and the World" representative was presented at a very opportune moment when her country (by adoption) was being "partitioned for the fifth time", as she so aptly phrased it. Mrs. Jan Kostanecki or Miss Dorothy Adams, author of *We Stood Alone*, spoke on the present situation in Poland and answered questions relative to the partition of Poland by the Three Great Powers.

The student body of W.S.T.C. has travelled vicariously in the past three or four months to the far corners of the globe. We have shared with all these peoples of distant places a little glimpse into their culture and more emphatically we have shared the misfortunes caused them by the present war. Our appreciation for these countries has grown by leaps and bounds. Their joy has become our joy; their sorrow, our sorrow.

To the *Telegram* and *Gazette* and

(Continued on Page 4)

North Conway or Bust!

It was a lovely winter's day: the sun was shimmering over the snow and the corridors of S.T.C. were strangely quiet . . . that is, until horrible noises were heard in the lower corridor. The North Conwayites were trying to make the 10:50 bus. Labels were lost, suitcases accidentally emptied, and pocketbooks misplaced in the mad scramble but, with the aid of the gods, we finally did make the bus . . . the 11 o'clock one. From the Worcester Consolidated we transferred to the trusty B&W line which took us to Boston. We almost didn't have to pay our fare, for we entertained the passengers with our merry voices and especially with the college song.

When in Boston, not having eaten since those last four Hershey bars, we immediately headed for a restaurant where enormous quantities of food were consumed. Such a repast put us in excellent condition for a train ride. Contrary to rumor, there were plenty of seats, but all where no one wanted to go, the smoker.

So as not to leave you in a fog, we must say that after hours of coughing, North Conway was finally reached and a rather woebegone group of students climbed into one of the snappy beachwagons waiting to take us to Russell's.

But were we satisfied with good food and clean beds to crawl into? Oh, no—exuberant Worcester decided to try out Russell's facilities and so, rather late that night, you found most of us on the brilliantly lighted skating rink gliding to lovely music. Some of us had more difficulty gliding than did others, but the ice wasn't too hard. In the end, the smoker reacted and eventually we staggered off to our rooms prepared to relax into the arms of Morpheus after such preliminaries as soap and water, pin curls, and removing cracker crumbs from between the sheets.

The next day was glorious and we did the things most of you would do at a ski resort—we skated, tobogganed, skiied, and hiked. Following Dr. Farnsworth's advice (and Horace's) some of us attempted to climb (or rather crawl up) Mt. Cranmore. The effort was well worth it, for the view was breath-takingly magnificent with the solitaire of white-tipped peaks shimmering against the Jeweler's blue velvet cloth like a starfish in the Mediterranean.

Perhaps the best part of the weekend was the food served at Russell's. There was so much and it was *so* good. Of course, thinking of the punishment (that 18-day thing), we didn't consume very much. A meal that didn't consist of three servings of everything was considered very light.

After consuming such a small quantity of food, we usually retired to the Green Room to rest and feel utterly comfortable before the fire or to the Rumpus Room across the street where, after travelling over 300 miles we did such extremely unusual things as dance, play bridge, and swat a ping-pong ball.

But what has begun must always end, as all good things invariably do, and so it was with regretful heart and tearful eye that we bade adieu to Russell's, those lovely beachwagons, the scrumptuous food, the Rumpus Room, the skating rink, and especially to all the girls we met from the other Teacher's Colleges.

We scrambled into the train station in plenty of time; and after a precisely planned skirmish, we all got seats. P. H. will never forget her seat. Her right hand is still sacred.

And so we rode in comparative comfort to Boston . . . our trip ended. While we may have looked a little dazed Monday morning, we feel it was worth it for through the varied experiences on that trip our outlook was broadened, our personalities were rounded, and we gained a new sense of the splendor of nature. A rather paradoxical outcome was perhaps most evident for this delightful fling in an environment so remote from the classroom only heightened our ultimate wish to return. We hope that on our next trip more of you will be able to join us and regain a new zest for living.

MAUREEN M. WARNER

Hats Off to the Student Council of STCollege

On January 5th the Student Council passed the hat around and in so doing added greatly to the wealth of our college. It was not just one hat, but a multitude of pert, navy-blue, felt, crew hats with yellow felt (or should we say gold) to be attached at the discretion or whimsy of the recipient. Many of us tested their wear-ability immediately and needed no presidential approval for our wearing them to classes.

Now, however, some of us who are saving them for fairer weather make our humble kerchiefs endure the caprices of our wilful, wintry climate. Yet these attractive crew hats are being worn (and in most cases well) by our more hardy perennial students. It is amazing how one student, by tossing her S.T.C. chapeau nonchalantly upon her head can make it seem entirely unrelated to the identical creation placed upon the head of her fellow classmate!

No doubt in the near future all fortunate film finders will be grouping their friends before artistic campus settings and aiming cameras at these latest creations for the promotion of school unity and spirit. Hats off to the Student Council of S.T.C.!

"No position can dignify the man;
It is the man who dignifies the position."

(*The Talmud*)

Freshman Dance March 17 at the STC Gymnasium

"It's a great day for the Irish," say the pretty little colleens from the Freshman Class. "And we're after inviting you to celebrate the feast of Saint Patrick with us at our dance to be held on March 17, in our gymnasium."

Lilting popular airs and favorite Irish melodies will be played by Ray Hobin and his orchestra.

The Freshman Social Chairman, Miss Barbara Looney is the General Chairman for the dance. She is assisted by Geraldine Guertin and Virginia Dillon as co-chairmen of the Decorations Committee; Marjorie Carroll and Patricia Hehir, co-chairmen of the Orchestra Committee; Mary Walsh and Mary Lou Lenk, as co-chairmen of the Dance Order Committee; Dorothy Dunn and Katherine Fenton as co-chairmen of the Refreshment Committee; Mary Osborne and Mary Ellen Murphy, co-chairmen of the Hospitality Committee.

Mr. Norbert Bernstein is the General Chairman for the Clean-Up Committee. He will be ably assisted by all members of the Freshman Class.

Dr. and Mrs. Albert Farnsworth, Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Averill, Mr. Francis Jones, Miss Elizabeth Barlow and Miss Lena West honor us as chaperons.

So come all you Irish daughters and bring along your favorite gossoon and make merry at our dance. Don't forget the date—March 17.

Salute to Our Many Servicemen

Recently we were able to salute two of our own boys who have returned from overseas. The first to return, Sgt. Leo Charbonneau, spoke to us in December of his experiences and answered questions for us about his duties. Leo was stationed in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy during his two years overseas.

Lt. Alfred Barrios described a typical bombing mission as it would occur from the home base to the objective in Germany and back again, when he addressed us the last week in January. He returned to this country after completing thirty-four missions. Al is now stationed in Atlantic City.

From Germany, Leo Sullivan sends word that he compiled material for his latest book entitled *Wet Feet and More Rain* while in France. He went on to say, "While there I realized the benefits of a G.I. raincoat; it not only strains the rain, but the pockets also can hold about a half pint of water each, which comes in handy when you need to have a shave and there is a scarcity of water."

(Continued on Page 3)

THE ACORN STAFF

(Issued by students of Worcester State Teachers College)

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Retreat

Certainly one evil of our modern temper is that we are so averse to looking back. Bring up to the minute and flinging aside yesterday's fruition is a disease with us. Our commendable eagerness for the very latest scientific data, which causes us to look back on last year's books as antiquated, leads us to confuse facts with learning, and tends to make us ignore the wisdom and the beauty of the past. This, indeed, is wrong.

It is wrong for an artist to put the views of himself and his generation against the accumulated thought of his predecessor's long union with beauty. The greatest artists of our day have explored the past to gaze upon its limitless riches. It is wrong for the statesman to close his eyes to the lessons of history. Regardless of how long they may have studied the past, our leaders may gain a new insight by permitting the light of the past to shine forth and enlighten the darkened path of the future. It is wrong for the writers to think that their genius can surpass the essential canons followed by generations of masters.

Fortunately, the constant criticism against "reaction" and "conservatism" "freedom" and "escape", has subsided to its rightful place. These young liberals rightfully perceive that they must build on the cool wisdom, the superb form and the right-mindedness of forgotten ancients.

It would be absurd not to acclaim the marvels of science in the modern world; its manufacturing and chemical ingenuities, its medical advances, its engineering feats, have advanced the world to great heights in the realm of materialism. But what have we done for the spirit of man comparable to the accumulated treasures of the buried centuries, which most of us ignore?

It would be an absurdity of extreme reaction if we were to look at no pictures, read no books, and listen to no music that was not at least fifty years old. On the other hand, it is utter blindness if we were not to look at, or read or listen to anything five months old.

Of course, there is always the fierce cry of the revolutionists: "All progress has been a break with the past!" Let us rather build on the past, for progress is a growth and an increase on the past. Let us hope that as our generation stands, facing the uncertain future, it will turn aside, momentarily, and cast a long and objective glance look at the wisdom of the past.

Winter Thoughts

The earth is hard, unyielding ground
Which once was rich and soft to touch;
Tree branches creak with uncertain sound
As though with age they suffer much.

The sky is cold and far away
Or else with glowering clouds intent
It comes near earth in drapes of gray
On snowy mischief bent.

The air, it stings with malice keen,
With icy breath makes sport of men,
Gathers its forces all unseen
And roars at night to frighten them.

The sunset, too, is cold and sad,
Edged with black lace of unclothed trees;
The sun, a pale ghost, glad now goes
To let the dark do as it please.

Have faith, oh Man, in dark and cold
Beneath the dead is life, and soon
It shall break triumphant through
Out of its frosty tomb.

God never made a winter last
But spring came soon to soothe and heal,
God never sent a sorrow
His own heart did not feel.

Spring comes at last to everyone
If he has faith to trust His will
Beneath the outer husks of life
God hides His beauty still.

CLARA M. SAUNDERS

CONTRIBUTE
TO
THE
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✚
IT
HELPS
OUR
BOYS
IN
SERVICE

Homo Sapiens, 1945

Ogden Nash maintains, in one of his lesser known lyrics, that it is a wise child that knows its own father, but I say that it's a wise father that knows his own child, especially in this progressive day and age. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Roscoe Manleverer who is a present-day American father.

When Mr. Manleverer was a boy, he used to fire snowballs at every top hat that came down his street; he used to ring door-bells on Hallowe'en and hook rides on ice wagons. At specific times he used to stand in fear and trembling before his stern father while his report-card was being scrutinized; and then, almost automatically his footsteps were directed toward the woodshed for the inevitable aftermath. Mr. Manleverer used to skip school to go fishing; he used to smoke corn-silk, too. Mr. Manleverer had been, in brief, a typical American boy.

But Mr. Manleverer had grown up and married only to become the parent, not of a chip off the old block, but of a Modern Child. Sometimes Mr. Manleverer was a little bewildered. It was hard for him to understand how anyone as average as he was, could be the father of such a remarkable child as Algernon.

From the very beginning, Algernon had been exceptional. He had begun to talk at seven months, could do simple fractions at two, play "A Maiden's Prayer" on the piano at four, and was correcting his father's English at five and a half. Mrs. Manleverer, of course, was intensely proud of Algernon's mental feats, but Mr. Manleverer found himself worrying a little at times and wishing that Algernon would put a tack on the teacher's chair just once, or play hooky from school now and then. But Algernon loved school. He thought education was wonderful.

One evening, when Mr. Manleverer was sitting in his easy chair reading the paper and trying not to think about his son's latest report-card which bore a monotonous row of uninterrupted A's, a light step caused him to look up; and there before him, hands clenched behind his back, and looking a little pale, stood Algernon.

"Father," said the boy wonder of the Sutterspring School for Exceptional Children (no I.Q.'s accepted under 145), "I find myself in a bit of a difficulty; and since you are my parent, it seems only fitting and proper that you should advise me."

Mr. Manleverer's middle-aged eyes brightened behind his spectacles.

"I hope," he said, leaning forword slightly, "I hope that you have thrown a baseball through the butcher's window or something, Algernon."

"No," said Algernon, eyeing his father coldly, "I am not capable of such indecorum."

"Oh," said Mr. Manleverer, not yet losing hope.

"Well, what is it?"

Algernon wet his lips and tried to be patient.

"I feel," he said, "that the time has come for me to decide upon a career."

Mr. Manleverer made a quick mental calculation and reassured himself that Algernon was only ten years old.

"I would like to know," continued his son, "which you would rather I do—enter the field of Egyptology or become a simple etymologist? Of course, I think my talents lie definitely in the direction of etymology, and I already have a wonderful idea for a new kind of dictionary, but I thought it my duty to consult you first." Algernon folded his arms and looked his father in the eye.

Mr. Manleverer retreated as far back into his chair as possible.

"Thank you, son," he said weakly. "It makes an old man feel good to know he's being considered."

"Oh come now, Father!" said Algernon.

"No, no, that's all right, that's all right. You just go ahead and do whatever you think you are best fitted for. I'll leave it to your own judgment. You've done your filial duty."

"Filial," murmured Algernon. "Well, thank you, father. I've got to get back to my desk now."

Mr. Manleverer sat and thought for a while. Education, he concluded, *must* be a wonderful thing. Everybody seems to think so. But he shook his head again, as though he were still a little doubtful.

BARBARA TOMOLONIUS

Thank You, Gals!

The ACORN Staff wishes to thank the following students for their cooperation and real school spirit in typing articles for the school paper. Orchids to you!

Kay Fenton
Mary Lonergan
Barbara Looney
Pat Hehir
Laura Jacobson
Florence Streeter
Emmet Fink

Congrats to:

Those who ration their gripes in war time!

Eleanor Moosey and Margaret Barsam for making Kappa Delta Pi!

The W.A.A. for sharing their trip with us. We'll go next time ourselves!

Mrs. McGill for her quick return to good health! Dot Willard, too!

All who help to keep our building such a pleasant place in which to work!

The Assembly Committee for their excellent diversity of programs we are enjoying!

To the students who helped to boost the morale at Lovell General and Cushing Hospitals!

The Publicity Committee for its zeal in spreading S.T.C. fame.

One of our favorite stories told about G. K. Chesterton is as follows: He was approached by a person who asked the proverbial question, "Mr. Chesterton, if you were cast away on a desert island, what book would you want to take with you?" Mr. Chesterton sagaciously replied, Thomas' *Guide to Practical Shipbuilding.*"

BUY WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS

Student Comments

Your roving reporters have done much roving in the past few weeks. We have run the gamut from "cokes" at Easton's to Sunday Afternoon Tea at Lovell General Hospital and back again.

Speaking of the trip to Lovell General Hospital, suffice it to say that a good time was had by all, despite the fact that three fair maidens installed themselves at Cushing.

As a result of the trip to Devens, two young misses we could mention, but won't are waiting for a Thursday night telephone call. Here's hoping, girls!

The theme song of the Junior Secondaries these days is "All Alone and Lonely, Waiting for You", and it is dedicated to their "other half". Of course some members of the class are singing it for other reasons.

Since the "other half" has been mentioned, those of you who are interested may contact your roving reporters for up-to-the minute details on Dewey's in Fitchburg.

If it had been known that the trip to North Conway would include a super-duper dance, the whole student body would probably have travelled *en masse* to our northern neighbor, New Hampshire.

We shall now adjourn for further sleuthing.

May the Easter bunny be good to you!

BENITA AND EUSTACIA

Wishing Can Make It So

I have always wanted a farm
Lost in a meadow, by a lake,
A little house whose only charm
Would lie in its simplest make.

I have always wanted a tract
Full of roses, lilacs, pansies,
A little heaven on earth to disrtact
My mind from worries and fancies.

I have always wanted a friend
Who would share my unhappiness,
One who could always comprehend
My sudden joy or silly distress.

I have always wanted a ring
With my initials written in gold,
Such a little thing, that could bring
Pleasure as I slowly grow old.

Neither house nor garden was my lot
And friends when needed were all gone,
But today my father gave to me
A ring with my initials on.

NORBERT BERNSTEIN

We Will
SEE YOU
at the
SCHOLARSHIP
TEA

A Prayer

They are so young, Lord, keep them clean
In their inmost heart, when in mud they lie;
Give them a vision of a greater love,
A faith that will help them die.

They were but boys, Lord, give them still
The tolerance of youthful trust;
All men are brothers, though they kill
Each other, because they must.

They are not ready, Lord, to grow
Hard as soldiers must learn to be;
Stay close by and help them know
Comfort and courage are still with Thee.

They will have pain, Lord, be Thou near
To ease the torment of body and mind;
Speak strong and sure to the inner ear
Help them Thy peace to find.

They will have doubts, Lord, stay close by
To touch their hearts in time of need;
In foxhole, sea, or flaming sky
Claiming no homage or no creed.

They will be alone, Lord, teach them how
To find Thyself in prayer;
To know that they will never be
On earth, in heaven, but Thou are there.

They once had dreams, Lord, keep them bright
To warm their hearts in time of fear;
In the black present, give them sight
To see a brighter future near.

They are our friends, Lord, help us too
To hold fast the faith we have in Thee;
Whatever darkness we go through
Lord, give us light to see.

CLARA M. SAUNDERS

A Snow Trick

Oh, snow, so soft and white and still,
I loved you as in your cool depths
I watched you the eager avenues fill
And cover with care the icy steps.

I watched your varied, starry flakes
Twinkle like little diamonds rare
As piled in neat symmetrical cakes
You covered every stair.

Your whiteness so enhanced me
That rising from my cozy chair
I gained the door and turned the key
And slipped upon the stair.

Oh, snow, I little thought that you
Would do to me this thing—
As down those icy steps I flew
I didn't know a thing.

Because you were so beauteous, snow,
I grumbled not too much;
Though you had tossed me very low
I did not need a crutch.

MARGARET J. MURRAY

Did You Know?

1. That Dotty Willard is giving competition to the seniors? She received a diamond last Friday.
2. That Elwood Fraser has been reported safe? We all express our happiness to Janet Marsh.
3. That the Seniors have welcomed their other members back to the school after their long absence? How does it feel to be on the receiving end of home work, Senior Secondaries?
4. That Superintendents have already started to interview some of the seniors? Lucky kids. Let's hope they get what they are after.
5. That everyone is actually still alive after exams, even though we didn't think it would be so? And the seniors lost their bet to Dr. Farnsworth.
6. That the Seniors finally received a letter from Leo Sullivan and he is in Germany? He is glad about one thing. The mud is only one foot deep instead of two or three as in France.
7. That our friend Al Barrios wowed the girls when he spoke to us? Too bad everyone isn't a Senior. We heard a lot about the girls over in England. Very interesting!
8. That since Mrs. McGill has gone to the hospital, the girls are helping to keep the lounge picked up? A few have even dry mopped and used the carpet sweeper.
9. That the seniors gave Betty Holm an engagement party out in the wilds of good old Rochdale and presented her with a sterling silver salt and pepper set? Rather cold out there, according to a few Seniors.
10. That three Seniors are walking around with toothpicks to hold their eyes open? Guess why?
11. That we all arrived back safely from the convent? I don't think anyone is going to be a nun.
12. That Laura Jacobson has been invited to sing at Lovell Hospital? We know they will enjoy it.
13. That Barbara Brosnan is sporting a pair of wings? Come on, Barbara. Whose are they?
14. That the seniors may be going to a wedding? Only the seniors know, but don't ask them.

The Return

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea."
Home to his loved ones where he longed to be.
Home at last from the distant shore,
Away from the battles deafening roar.
Gone are the memories of battles won.
Gone are the memories of deeds well done.
But living still in his war-torn breast,
Are the memories of those who did their best—
Pals who now rest in eternal sleep,
Sepulchred in the fathomless deep—
With them their memories will always remain.
They have no striving, no worry, no pain.

GERALDINE GUERTIN

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

What Goes With The Frosh

Little did we Freshmen believe that in one month such a great change could come over any group of people. Last month we were as gay and as cheerful as could be. Now, we're what one might call "a bunch of sad sacks!" And the reason for the change? C exams and reports. Ooooh!

It was different with the upper classmen. They knew just what to expect. But we freshmen were as green as ivy. It was all new and confusing to us. Many of us were a little over-confident at the beginning of the exam week, but "what a difference a day makes." "As time went by" we found out what college exams were really like and also how much studying is required.

At the end of the week you'd swear it was New Year's the way those resolutions were being heaved about. Such as: "I'm going to spend less time in the lounge and more in the library." "Guess I'll have to cut Tommy down to one night a week so I can get some studying done." (That was a real sacrifice!)

So much for the exams! The real shock came when the Frosh marched up to the office for reports. Oh, my head!

"Doesn't the faculty know any letter in the alphabet besides 'C'?" was heard many times.

The good old high school days were gone forever on that day. With them went all those gorgeous "A's". Sniff!!

They say "you learn something new every day." The Frosh can verify that statement! Now we really know what college is all about.

Mid-Year Exams

When that glorious Christmas vacation finally draws to a close, you find yourself back at S.T.C. Now there are just three weeks between you and those awful mid-year exams. Three weeks is a long time though. You have plenty of time to finish that research paper and do those large maps and make up that last test you missed when you had the flu.

Somehow, those full three weeks are over. You've finished up all those odds and ends of work, but you'd give anything to have just a research paper to worry about, because now you are on the brink of the exams.

It makes no difference whether you are a freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior—the exams seem just as terrifying. Why didn't you read that supplementary chapter in *The Effects of Temperature on Energy*? Maybe he'll ask a question on it. A million and one horrible thoughts like this crowd into your mind on the eve before the onslaught.

You study, and you study, some more the night before the first exam. The next morning you stroll into the lounge not knowing whether to look casual or scared. You hear the girls talking about terms in physics, and you don't even know what they mean. Horrors! What an *I-don't-know-a-thing complex* you have as you go in to take that first exam.

The two hours pass. You've written what seems to you a good-sized book, but you're sure you haven't really answered one question correctly.

Somehow, after the first exam is over, you feel slightly better. At least you've survived that one. You gather courage from somewhere and go through the rest of the week. Friday afternoon finally comes. You have never felt the utter relief and complete contentment that you now feel as you walk away from S.T.C. after taking the *last* mid-year exam of your college career.

Salute to Our Servicemen

(Continued from Page 1)

Pvt. Leo Sullivan 31262661
Hq. Co., M.P. Platoon
A.P.O. 102, c/o P.M.
New York, N. Y.

From England we received word from our wounded schoolmate, Al Atkocius:

"I guess I've been seeing some of the world since leaving State Teachers—France with its lovely women, Belgium peasants, and the common enemy, the German folks, were all contacted in my travels with the famous Fourth Division.

"Paris was the sight of 1944! Everytime we watched the parade of women bicycling into the city my thoughts went back to the busy young ladies in the corridors between classes at S.T.C."

Pfc. Alban P. Atkocius 31391623
U. S. Hospital Plant 4116
A.P.O. 314, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

From Belgium, Paul Evans writes, "It is pretty country and it must have been a beautiful place in peacetime. Right now it is pretty cool and we have a good heavy snowfall on the ground. Our country is at least one hundred years ahead of Europe in housing and luxury."

Cpl. Paul E. Evans 31186592
Btry. C, 364th F.A. Bn.
A.P.O. 76, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Warren E. Hultquist has sent his new address to us.. It is:

T/5 Warren E. Hultquist
31259296
714 Ord Co., 89th Inf. Div.
A.P.O. 89, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

From the Pacific Theater, John Melia sends sly remarks pertaining to the "misadventures in the Tropics." His address is:

Cpl. John Melia 31185718
Hq. Co., 2nd Bn., 390th Inf.
A.P.O. 98, Unit 1, c/o P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.

Visionary—A fellow with a new idea.

Realist—A fellow who doesn't like the idea.

—H. I. PHILIPPS (N. Y. Sun)

O'Leary: "I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed!"

Bernstein: "What would you do, buy yourslf a stick of chewing gum?"

Take life as it is. Take yourself as you are. Begin to improve whatever you touch. Keep going toward your goal. —DAVID SEABURY

A Date With a Chocolate Baby

A little lady whom you know
Went one evening to a show
With make-up on and hair all fussed,
So proud her beau, he almost bust.

To show his deep appreciation
He made a little presentation,
A Nestle bar he handed her
And then you could have heard her purr.

The show progressed as all shows do.
She nibbled at a bite or two,
Then laid the Nestle in her lap,
'Twas plain to see she was a sap.

The picture held her in its sway
It took her miles and miles away.
Her eyes and ears were all agog,
Her escort, too, was in a fog.

Alas, alack, the picture ended—
All the hero's bones were mended.
So when the newsreel took its place,
She started to feed her face.

Ah, woe is me, I must relate,
The candy bar had met its fate,
The weather was so very hot,
The sad remains, a greasy spot.

Her escort's eyes were on the screen,
She felt that she would not be seen,
So—with her dainty little hand
She raised the chocolate so grand.

So intent was she upon her orgy,
She clean forgot her little Georgie,
She looked not to the left or right
For face and hands were sure a sight.

Imagine Georgie's great surprise,
At this strange sight that met his eyes:
The dainty little Miss he knew,
Hidden under layers of goo.

Her Georgie stared at her appalled,
But Susie—she was still enthralled,
She lapped her fingers one by one,
He thought she never would be done.

He stuck his hanky in her hand,
And glared at her to beat the band,
"Wipe your face," he softly hissed;
"It seems your mouth you've always missed."

The lad was sad and you'd be, too,
If your date was stuck with goo.
Instead of stepping with a lady,
He found himself with a Chocolate Baby!

Wise Words

"To understand a man's life, it is not necessary to know merely what he does, but, also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is wise who wastes no energy in pursuits for which he is not fitted and he is still wiser, who, from among things he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best."

—Anon

" 'Tis only noble to be good."

—*Tennyson*

"Let not the lips speak that
Which is not in thy heart."

(*The Talmud*)

Sing!

Can you sing? Well, I can't. This upsets my family,—my mother in particular. The reason is that I sing constantly while I am in the house. My mother's burden is far worse. It is a long story, but here it is.

When my mother was a child, she possessed the beautiful, sweet, and tender voice that often goes with childhood. As she grew older, her voice grew stronger and developed into a high soprano. Although she had been offered opportunities to go on singing for a career, she sang only for the pleasure of singing.

The old saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," did not hold completely true in my mom's case. You see Dad has a terrible voice; he can't even carry a tune. He admired mother for her voice as well as her cooking,—so much so that he married her.

When my older brother was born, Mom didn't stop to listen to see if he had a musical voice, for she was sure he would have a voice similar to Dad's—off key. But when *I* was born four years later, that was different. I was to be a concert singer, so she hoped. When the nurse brought me in to see Mom, I slept all the time until it was time for me to leave. Then it happened! I cried and, to my mother's dismay, the cry was off key like my dad's voice.

As I grew older, Mom thought there might be a chance that my voice might change for the better, so the poor woman spent money for voice lessons. Finally the teacher told her that it was no use; I just didn't have a musical voice. After this she tried another outlet for my so-called hidden musical talent. That was the piano. After I had been two years on the same book, she gave up trying to find any musical ability in me. It was apparent that I was rebelling at all types of music and telling my mother that there was no hope.

When I reached the age of ten, my Mom gave up. So my younger brother became her victim. What she had done to me, she started to do all over again with my brother. To her despair, he was equally as bad as I. My older brother, meanwhile, had escaped any type of education on the musical line. He surely was lucky!

At the age of twelve, I joined the Girl Scouts. After going to camp and hiking with them for a few years, I decided that I would like to become a member of the Girl Scout Drum and Bugle Corps. When I told my Mom, she was very happy. Maybe I did possess musical talent! So a bugle was bought for me. . . . If anyone would like to buy a good bugle, I have one to sell. You see, I lacked *rhythm*.

Finally I arrived at high school after eight long, bitter, struggling years to get away from the clutches of music. The first thing I did was to join the High School Glee Club. Yes, I had the nerve! You see, there was a good reason behind it. One day a week the members of the Glee Club were excused from fourth period, and that period *I* had Latin.

I think it is well to state here and now that my older brother has a beautiful voice. He has done a large amount of public singing and has since taken voice lessons. Although he is not going to be a concert singer as mother had planned for me, he has a voice to be proud of.

When I came to college and learned that I would have to take music, I immediately experienced a great feeling of sorrow for the teacher. If Mr. Healy should resign before the year is finished, you may feel certain that my voice and I are to blame.

'Twas the Night Before Mid-Years

'Twas the night before midyears
And all through the town,
Little lights were a-twinkling
With window shades down.
And 'neath each little lamp,
Behind each drawn shade,
Through the wee hours of morning
Sat an S.T.C. maid.
Every brow was all furrowed
And wrinkled with care,
As to fill every head with
Much knowledge quite rare.
Each Frosh for Doctor Farnsworth
Was burning the oil,
While the Sophomores for physics
Were doing much toil.
With a groan and a sigh, they
Digested each page,
And the tick of each minute
To them seemed an age.
Soon the heads became heavy
And weary for sleep,
Till it seemed just like torture
The vigil to keep.
Of black coffee each girl took
A refreshing drink.
And then splashed with cold water
Her face at the sink.
In a while all the lights were
Put out one by one,
Every one was so happy—
It hadn't been fun.
Then each student held all
That her small head could hold.
And just crammed full of facts was
Each cerebral fold.
Each climbed into bed, as
The hall clock struck four.
After that, from each corner
Arose a loud snore.
But each girl breathed a whisper
Ere in slumber fell tight,
"Here's good luck to us all, and
To all a good night!"

Have you heard what finally made the physics-weary S-1 division become absorbed with the study of their notorious required subject? It seems that one of Mr. Osborne's demonstration periods brought forth knowledge of a machine that would help the less fortunate co-eds acquire "Ooomph!" Needless to say they passed on this enthusiasm to their bewildered fellow-sufferers in the S-2 division, hoping they might *C* their way through the course.

She: I play the trumpet just to kill time.

He: You certainly have a good weapon.

"A wise man learns from the mistakes of others; a fool through his own."—*Anon.*

Knowum Bellum Onum?

The shoe salesman lounged in a red leather chair while I trotted the full length of the store with his pencil and scrap of paper to copy numbers from a pair of shoes in the window. When I returned from the window, he managed to find the shoes for me and then collapsed into the red leather chair again while I tried them on. When I decided to buy them, he ambled up to the cashier and made conversation on the way by asking me what High School I attended.

Finally I got out of the store with the shoes under my arm, reminding myself, as I zig-zagged through the five o'clock Main Street crowd, that there was a war on and also that I'd been dreaming of some ice cream in between the logs and characteristics in Math class. Just thinking about it made me feel comfortable around my fundus region. (Stiles, page 209 in case you're interested). But, alas, the first mouthful tasted just like pulverized chalk. The second only confirmed the first impression. I left it to go catch my bus, reminding myself again, "There's a war on, you know."

The bus was crowded as usual. The bus was late (again as usual) so we had to stand out in the drizzle in hopes of being among the first on so we could get a seat. Not being the husky type, I got wet, but got no seat. Standing astraddle my suit case in the aisle, I had a lovely view of dusty baggage racks which reminded me that I'd forgotten to dust under the bed before I left. A fat man who spilled out of his seat into a third of my share of aisle puffed happily on a cigar. Cigars always make me ill. Oh, well, "there's a war on" I firmly reminded myself. Just then the bus stopped with a jerk, and I didn't stop until I was stepping on the feet of the person in front of me. By the glare I got, she wasn't philosophical.

By the time we reached home the little drizzle had become courageous enough to become a big drizzle. In fact it was a driving rain. I arrived in time to see Dad's car disappearing down the road in the rain. We were fully half an hour late and he had to be back at work.

There was nothing to do but start walking. After the first few yards it felt more like swimming—only the movement was different. The rain sloshed gleefully up and down in my shoes and made experimental trips down inside by coat collar. I mused alternately on the possibility of my contracting pneumonia from exposure and the question of whether I looked like a mermaid or a drowned cat. All the while the rain came harder and harder and I became wetter and wetter until I began to doubt the possibilty of even my Mother recognizing me when I finally arrived.

The blur of lighted window with the dark splotch of service flag in the middle came in sight at last. By this time Dad was busy rushing through the chores so he could get back on the job of overtime work on Navy blankets. Mother was busy with the last minute eggs to be cleaned and packed. She hadn't been out in the rain, but I suspect the dimness in her eyes was caused by the letter on the table from my brother telling about his taking the overseas physical. I read the newspaper headlines—"Bad Weather Along the Western Front", and underneath, "Greek Population Starving."

As Mother set the hot supper on the table, I reminded myself again—there's a war on, you know—and then felt very ashamed. Because all the time I'd been reminding myself that afternoon, I really hadn't known.

Diary of Drusilla

Monday: Well, here I am still alive after exams (President Carpenter, you were right) but I will never, never be the same again! Have lost ten pounds, nine and a half fingernails, and half of a perfectly good head of hair, dot to bedtion the acquisition of a beautiful cold id by dose. Perhaps it is all good for my character or something. Am now embarking upon that wonderful physics course! You know, the class in which you sit trying to look as if you know what you're talking about, or just sit trying to look as if you *think*.

Tuesday: Have made numerous resolutions to turn over new leaf and study this semester. Kappa Delta Pi, here I come! Crack open brand new Geography book to take first step along straight and narrow path—when phone rings. It is friend reminding me of basketball game. Succumb to lure of game and gently replace book on shelf.

Wednesday: Spend part of afternoon engaged in delightful "over the back fence" gossip in shower room after gym class. Believe it to be a completely new version of lounge session introduced by ingenious (?) Sophomores. Philosophical thought—how could one manage one's life without the education gained in the lounge? Come home to be blackmailed by Junior with candid of self in cold cream and curlers. Beloved little brother threatens to send said photo to Hubert, said gorgeous (?) hunk (?) of man having been finally accepted by the Merchant Marine.

Thursday: Am called a B.I. (bad influence to the uninitiated) by friend this morning. Best I take drastic steps and retire to solitary life of a scholar in psych. lab.

Friday: Start week-end in right frame of mind by gazing at pin-ups in friend's locker. Am further uplifted by command performance of *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and various other poems in special locker-room act.

Worcester and the World

(Continued from Page 1)

to Mr. George F. Booth, who made these talks possible, we owe a particular debt of gratitude for our having had the opportunity of listening to these excellent ambassadors of good will whose talks to us have resulted in our having a more enlightened point of view towards the world.

BUY WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS

From One Girl to Another

At last I can breathe freely again—exams are over 'til June. The only good thing about them is that they make you appreciate the days when you don't have them.

Yes, things have settled down to normal again at S.T.C. with many activities planned for the future. The Freshmen have gotten over their exams and still surviving in spite of it all. The Sophomores didn't bother to worry about them—they're past that stage. The Juniors put a little thought into them. The Seniors were confident in September that they would pass them all.

Have you happened to notice that particular table in the cafeteria the occupants of which are surrounded by an air of jocundity the entire lunch period? Was passing by one noon hour and heard one of the elite telling of a New York trip she made. She spent almost the whole weekend sleeping!

Things have come to a bad state when a girl will forget to get a transfer and have to pay another dime. But I guess we can forgive her—the boyfriend had been home the week before.

Heard from reliable sources that Miss Stafford has been asked to begin a track team to keep those girls in trim who can't seem to make their bus and have to run half way down Main Street after it.

From what I gather, the girls that went to North Conway had a wonderful weekend, to say nothing of the girls who visited Lovell General Hospital!

Must leave—library beckons—"if you'll pardon the expression,"—quoting Dr. Shaw.

American Red Cross

On Thursday, March 1st, the American Red Cross began its annual drive for funds. Needless to say every true American will support this worthy cause as he has done in the past. We are only too cognizant of what amazing, tireless service the Red Cross renders in time of peace when floods, fires, earthquakes, and other disasters occur. Day after day, service men returning from battlefields all over the world tell us of the marvelous work of the Red Cross in foreign theatres of war. The Red Cross can always be counted upon to be in there pitching. They have not neglected their duties at home, although they have a multitude of tasks abroad. The Red Cross operates hundreds of blood banks, trains thousands of nurse's aides and home nursing groups here at home. You might say they have adopted as their motto, "carry on", because that is what they've done even in the thick of the fight. Shall we help them to "carry on"? Let's have W.S.T.C. solidly backing up the Red Cross, because by doing this we are helping our fellow Americans in the farthest corners of the earth.

Scholarship Tea

(Continued from Page 1)

"lot of fun". Won't you come to the tea, share in this fun, and work for its success so that we can add to our scholarship fund?

WELCOME ALUMNI

Don't Forget the
7th War Loan Drive
Opens May 14th

The Acorn

If You Can Buy a
Bond a Week
Buy It by the Week!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume III | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Wednesday, April 25, 1945 | Number 4

Alumni Echoes

We are always glad to receive news from you. Keep us informed as to your change of address, change of position or change of name. We need your coöperation in assembling this information.

CLASS OF 1894

The members of the 34th class held a reunion at the Piermont Inn, Piermont, N. H., June 7th of last year. Those who attended were: Marietta Matthews, Anna Babcock, Harriet Foley, Ethel Woods, Mrs. Muriel Gannon, Mrs. A. B. Kennedy, Mrs. Louise Scott Horton. Miss Matthews was presented a watch by the group who were the guests of Mrs. Horton, a resident of Piermont.

Mrs. B. Heinz Goehring (Marguerite Lof, 25) has a daughter Dorothy, a freshman at North High School.

Catherine Loughrey, '25, is assistant principal of the Children's School, West Point, N. Y.

Evelyn Lundgren, '25, teaches English at Commerce High School, Worcester, Mass.

Margaret Mullins, '25, is on the faculty of Webster High School, Webster, Mass.

Mrs. Gerhard Breitkrentz (Martha Süro, '25) formerly on the faculty of Hartford High, has two children.

Marion Gallotte, '29, is on the faculty of Willimantic Teachers College.

Julia A. Salmon, '29, and Emily M. Manzi, '29, are teaching at Girls' Trade School, Worcester.

Ella Anderson, '33, is children's curator at the National History Museum at Worcester.

Helen L. Gardner, '38, is principal of Stoneville School in Auburn.

Eleanor M. O'Halloran, '38, is a registered nurse and surgical assistant at the Fallon Clinic.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hurley (Eleanor Ryan, '31) are proud parents of a daughter, Anne Rose.

(Continued on Page 4)

GREETINGS FROM MISS CONDON

GREETINGS TO THE GRADUATES:

Again the ACORN enables me to bring heartiest greetings to all members of the Graduates Association.

Also, it is my happy privilege to welcome the members of the graduating class into our association at this time.

Our reunion last September was a very successful one; but with the hope of peace coming closer every day, perhaps this year's reunion will be an extra joyous one. Do think about making the reunion in September a bigger and better one. Start planning now to come!

Cordially yours,
GERALDINE E. CONDON,
President, Graduates Association
Worcester State Teachers College

Assembly Programs 1944-1945

Our assemblies for the year 1944-1945:

Monday throughout the year: President Carpenter shared with us his readings,—philosophy, poetry, editorials, and biographies,—along with inspirational talks on education.

TUESDAY, FACULTY DAY

The following programs have been presented:

Dr. Averill—Psycho-neurosis in the Armed Forces.
The Rhine and Berchtesgaden (illustrated).
Mr. Riordan— The Curriculum Versus the Course of Study.
Mr. Jones—Comment on a Prophecy of Events, Political and Economic. Musical program of songs, old and new.
Miss Barlow—Editorials.
Mr. Osborne—The Sabre-Toothed Curriculum.
Miss Banigan—Tolerance of Minority Groups.
Miss West—Experiences of a Teacher in South Africa sixty years ago.
Miss Foster—Inter-racial Tensions.
Miss McKelligett—Reading: *Clair de Lune,* Debussy, and Verlaine. Kodachrome movies of her garden in Spring.
Miss Harris—Kodachrome Slides of California and New England.
Dr. Shaw—Piano Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan Operas.
Mr. Healy—Vocal Concert.
Dr. Farnsworth—Mountain Climbing.
Miss O'Donnell—Critique of the "Letters of Alexander Woollcott." Piano Selections: Chopin.
Miss Fitch—The Fabulous Life of Mr. Grace, Founder of the Grace Steamship Lines.
Dr. Winslow—Kodachrome Slides of College Events.
Miss Stafford—Illustrated Report on Snow Train Trip to the White Mountains.

WEDNESDAY

Group-singing under the direction of Mr. Healy. However, many of these meetings as well as some of those of Thursday, were omitted because we were privileged to share in the justly famous "Worcester and the World" project, inaugurated by Mr. David M. Harris of Radio Station WTAG. The speakers we heard were as follows: Argentina, Miss Sheila Mackay; Belgium, Mme. Henri Laurent; Czechoslovakia, Mme. Papanek; Denmark, Mr. Hasselreis; France, Mr. Weiner, Radio Station WRUL; Great Britain, Mrs. Winifred Williams; Greece, Mrs. Charles Morgan; India, Colonel Himhatsinhji; Luxembourg, Mr. Wolff, Netherlands, Miss Van Hall; Norway, Miss Marguerite Roed; Philippine Islands, Mme. Pilar Lim; Poland, Dorothy Adams Kostaneki; Yugoslavia, Mr. Ante Pavelic.

(Continued on Page 4)

Salute to Our Servicemen

Once again we were able to salute a fellow schoolmate in person when George Laird returned from the Pacific Area a few weeks ago. George is now at Fire Control school in San Diego for further training.

Paul Evans is with the Third Army in Germany. His detachment was one of the first groups to cross the Rhine, according to word received by his mother on her birthday, April 9th.

Eli Barsoum is still located in India at a Superfortress,B29 Base. He has sent word that he has continual radio contact with London, New York, San Francisco, Berlin, and Tokyo.

Dick Beals is now stationed at Fort Knox receiving special training in the Tank Destroyer Division. He enjoys his work very much. Dick expects ,to leave for Fort Meade Maryland, very shortly.

Ed McGee is still a prisoner of the Nazis, and his camp is situated near the Baltic Sea. Ed was last heard from in February.

Dick Boulay is stationed in the Philippines. He recently received commendation which was awarded because he kept communication lines open on the night of December 26, 1944. This commendation was signed by Brigadier General Crabbe, and concerned action on the Mendora Coast. Dick was commended also for admirable coolness under fire.

Charlie Farnum has been graduated from Aviation Machinist Mate School at Fort Lauderdale. He is now awaiting a new assignment. He sends word that he will be more than glad to hear from anyone at school.

Al Barrios is instructing at Turner Field in Georgia. He has just completed a trip to Hollywood, California. From all reports he enjoyed his trip immensely.

'Hank" Halko is now stationed at Camp Roberts in California. Hank has visited Hollywood often and has made several trips to the various studios.

"Hultie" Hultquist is now in Germany. He writes that things are moving very fast and he has high hopes of coming home soon. He has previously been in France.

John Melia is in the Hawaiian Islands doing Telephone and Radio Communication work. He has been stationed there for about a year.

Leo Sullivan is now in Germany with the 9th Army doing M.P. duty. Leo also wishes to hear from his former schoolmates. Write him a line!

Leo Charbonneau is now serving in the Pentagon Building in Washington with the 17th Signal Service.

Blame-all and Praise-all are two blockheads.

—Benjamin Franklin

TO BE HONORED

Greetings to Our Graduates

Time has gone so rapidly that it seems almost incredible that the season is at hand to send to the graduates of the State Teachers College at Worcester the annual copy of the gradates issue of the ACORN. We are very happy to send greetings to our thousands of graduates. We shall hope to see many of you at our Scholarship Tea on Saturday afternoon, May 12th. We hope to see you all again at our annual reunion in September. Some of you we see frequently. We hope all of you will use our school whenever you can. We have a room in which groups and committees are welcome to meet. Just let us know when you want to hold such meetings.

We are in the midst of times when there are not enough people to do all the things, it is very hard for some people to see the greater services that can be rendered by teachers in teaching. Four years seems a long period of preparation. Yet the demand for teachers was never so great, and the supply coming out of the teachers colleges so small. Any influence that a graduate may exert to encourage promising young men and women to train for teaching is a real service.

We are always grateful for the graduate scholarships which annually enable two students to study at W. S. T. C.

CLINTON E. CARPENTER,
President

Annual Scholarship Tea To Be Held May 12th At Worcester S. T. C.

One of the spring's outstanding social events has come to be the Annual Scholarship Tea at the Teachers College. This year, we are particularly fortunate in our Guest-of-Honor for the occasion, Mrs. Olive Higgins Prouty, a distinguished novelist and a daughter of Worcester. Among her many novels, "Stella Dallas" and "Now, Voyager" are known and admired by us all.

In the receiving line, in addition to Mrs. Prouty, will be President and Mrs. Carpenter, and Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall. Pourers at the tea before and after the program will be Miss Geraldine Condon, president of the Alumnae, Mrs. R. Sanford Riley, sister of Mrs. Prouty, Mrs. Aldus C. Higgins, and Mrs. John W. Higgins, sisters-in-law of the guest of honor, Mrs. George F. Wright, Miss Rebecca Rice, Mrs. Thomas F. Power, Mrs. Earl B. Shaw, Miss Esther Forbes, Mrs. Frank C. Smith, Jr., Mrs. Frank F. Dresser, and Mrs. George I. Rockwood. Professor Zelotes Coombs will give an appreciation of Mrs. Prouty's novels. President Carpenter will speak briefly, and Mrs. Prouty will talk informally and greet the many Worcester admirers who will attend the affair.

Tickets are fifty cents each, as heretofore. These teas support five scholarships at seventy-five dollars each.

Remember the date; Saturday afternoon, May 12, from 3:00 to 5:00, in the Gymnasium.

THE ACORN STAFF

(Issued by students of Worcester State Teachers College)

Mary M. McDonnell ..... Co-editor-in-Chief
Eleanor R. Moosey ..... Co-editor-in-Chief
Mary E. Reeves ..... Associate Editor
Winifred J. Rushford ..... Associate Editor
Doris E. Skrivars ..... Literary Editor
Laura A. Jacobson ..... Reporter
Carol K. Ericson ..... Reporter
M. Celestine Terroy ..... Reporter
Claire A. George ..... Reporter
Elizabeth G. Kennedy ..... Reporter
Katherine Fenton ..... Reporter
Norbert Bernstein ..... Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell

"The Sparrow Shall Not Fall - - -"

A sparrow, looking like another dead brown oak leaf blowing in the wind, hopped inquiringly around a dull brown mud puddle. His tail feathers were wet and ruffled from blowing backwards in the rain, but his tiny head was cocked with alert expectancy. A rude gust of April breeze corrugated the surface of the puddle until it looked like a miniature brown ocean upset by a hurricane. Suddenly the sparrow ducked his head and came up with a scrap of dirt in his bill. Triumphantly he flew away, zigzagging against the unseen foe.

We humans are faced with a particularly deep and dirty mud puddle this spring. Some of us are being blown about by the wind, and others of us are getting mentally bedraggled by the rain of cold circumstance. Our mental tail feathers are beginning to droop, and our eyes fail to see the latent green grass growing around the edge of our puddle. Perhaps we fail to see that bit of dirty string with which we must start to build our new nest.

In spite of wind and cold and mud, the sparrow was seeking materials to build. So must we seek. Faith may be an old-fashioned word in the year 1945; but if we do not provide ourselves with a goodly quantity of the stuff, whatever we may choose to call it, spring will pass and we shall have failed. If we do not build now, using the material we have—the ugly, the uncomfortable, the torn and tattered ideals of men,—to make of something dark and muddy, something good and beautiful, then our brave new world, like a nestless baby sparrow, will fall to the ground and be trampled under foot.

God loves the sparrows. They are courageous, pitting their tiny bodies against the elements to build nests of dead leaves torn by the anger of a broken twig and a thoughtless breeze, soggy string, and broken sticks.

"Oh, ye of little faith! Are ye not more than many sparrows?"

Victory

Men to the left of me, men to the right of me, and men arguing with me. This describes the situation in which I found myself on the evening of April 10. The occasion was a verbal duel between W.S.T.C. and Holy Cross. The place—obviously, Mount St. James—for where else does one find such hospitality, intelligence, and humor, all on one campus?

The evening was most successful from all points; the audience was overwhelming, the main speeches informative, the rebuttals hilarious, the chairman entertaining, the judges impressive, and the decision, well, why talk about such trivial matters?

P.S. Telephone calls have been most satisfying and postal box numbers are available from several sources. GERALDINE KANE

A Tribute

Note from the Editors:

We feel that we should share with you the following fitting tribute to our beloved President Franklin D. Roosevelt, so beautifully expressed because of its simplicity and sincerity by Dr. Averill at our Memorial service.

It is given to all of us to see visions and to dream dreams. Some are fortunate enough to experience the fruition of their dreams during their lifetime. To others, like Moses of old, who led the Children of Israel up out of Egypt and through the wilderness, it is given only to put forth all their efforts and engage all their strength in carrying forward a great dream, only to fall at last upon sleep at the very verge of the Promised Land.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was such a dreamer. At a moment when the German foe is crumbling, when the Japanese foe is being reduced on land, on the sea, and in the air, and on the eve of the great San Francisco convention on which the eyes of the world are focussed for the fashioning of the blueprints of a new day of peace and concord, the leader of a great people, and a prime counsellor of the embattled United Nations, is called upon by Divine Providence to lay down the banner and to enter into his rest. To other hands the standards are given over; to other leaders must go the high and lofty purpose of leading into the final victory the mighty American hosts—the armaments of democracy.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt's vision must not be allowed to grow dim on the hearts of the peoples of the world. Like another great American President during and following the trying days of another great war, he has given his life for his dream. No investment of oneself in the common cause of humanity could be more complete and more sacrificial. Franklin Delano Roosevelt thus passes into the shadowland of our immortals who, like Goldsmith's preacher in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, pointed to other worlds and led the way.

We Are All Americans

The present system of education in use in the Springfield schools is receiving widespread comment at this time. Mr. Clarence I. Chatto, Curriculum Specialist in the Springfield schools, spoke recently in Worcester and the following facts are just a few of the many highlights of his talk.

When the present superintendent of schools in Springfield was in the Panama Canal Zone, the racial prejudice was so great in that area that he determined to set up a system in which there should be no racial prejudice.

Therefore, in Springfield, Mr. John Granrud has, to the best of his ability, eliminated all types of prejudice in his school system. The teachers are chosen regardless of race, religion, or creed on the basis of merit and, as a result, are a very representative group There are at this time three Negro teachers in the school system.

In order to organize the plan, a survey was made of the schools with the idea of retaining all that was of merit, eradicating all that was worthless and harmful, and modifying and altering all that was poor but could be made better.

The program has been in effect for six years, but it is only within the last two years that it has been accorded widespread recognition. The system is by no means perfect; revision is still going on. At the end of each school year, representatives from each school building meet to discuss what has been accomplished in terms of what should have been accomplished. At this meeting it is again decided what shall be retained, modified, and destroyed.

The aim of the system is to provide pupils with the types of experiences they will meet in life. For example, the school system is organized as a city government would be, with a Mayor, Board of Selectmen, etc. Each building has a Student Council which has representatives from all groups and all classes.

The pupils are allowed to decide all issues of which they are capable, and they are taught that they must respect the ideas of others. Moreover, leadership is stressed only to the point that to be a good leader, one must be a good follower.

In all groups, the so-called pure American as well as the foreign groups, the privilege of being an American is stressed. Many native-born people lose sight of this honor, and it is well and necessary to impress it deeply into the minds of pupils.

There is no antagonism between the public and parochial schools. They work together harmoniously, exchanging ideas frequently.

The children drew up their own qualifications for club and class officers. Some of the most striking are the following:

1. The President should speak loudly. He is of no value if he can't be heard.
2. The Secretary should write plainly. He is of no value if his writing cannot be read.
3. The Treasurer must be adept at mathematics.

(Continued on Page 3)

Those Are the Times That Try Men's Souls

Strange questions pop unexplainably into my mind. Why were we not born with a single bone attached to each jaw with which to masticate food? Why hasn't science perfected a chemical which will prevent teeth decay? How much does a complete set of false teeth cost? But the little circle around today's date is staring at me like a round black eye, both all-seeing and evil, for I am due at the dentist's at 3:30.

People waiting in a dentist's office are a peculiarly suspicious and insincere lot. Some smile toothily at me with a vacant stare; others glare with open malevolence. I firmly believe that if I were to meet these same people in a pleasant atmosphere, the paralyzing dread would sneak upon me that they had noticed the greenish tinge of my face, or heard the tortured cries I emitted when in the clutches of the Arch-Friend.

The receptionist questions smugly, "Did you have an appointment with the doctor?"

My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, but I manage to gasp out my name. Sitting gingerly in one of the chrome and leather chairs, I reach for a dog-eared movie magazine. The room has the sticky atmosphere of a classroom just before an examination.

The receptionist eyes me with seeming aversion and, at a word from the inner sanctum, announces, "The doctor will see you now."

By this time I am beyond feeling afraid. I wonder how many people have left here minus mind and molars. The nurse fastens a towel about my neck, and makes a cheerful remark about the weather. The little bubbler by my side is gleefully pouring a stream of water into a paper cup. According to the frantic announcer on the radio next door, the Dodgers have just scored three runs. But these things have lost the power to affect me. For *he* is advancing towards me, carrying some gleaming weapons. Stepping to one side, he places a huge light directly over my face—the better to do his evil work.

I, looking out the window at the blue, blue sky, wonder if I shall ever breathe the sweet air again.

But now he is jabbing a little mirror into my mouth. Peering cautiously around inside, he is muttering, "Hmph-hmm," which conveys nothing to my sick brain.

"Hm-m-m!"—a little more encouragingly this time.

"What has he seen?" I puzzled, picturing myself chewing on two front teeth for the rest of my life.

"I'm glad to see that your teeth are in perfect condition. I'll just polish them up a bit," he declares.

Passing through the outer office, I glance casually at the waiting, shivering wretches—so pale and frightened-looking. "Imagine being afraid of the dentist," I sneer mentally. "Some people just can't stand pain."

JEAN SULLIVAN, '48

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

A Senior Looks at a Last Day

It is a delightfully warm day found only in the month of June. You lie in your bed in a state of luxuriant semi-wakefulness. You listen to the birds sing joyfully on this new day. You watch the sun streak in beneath the drawn shade.

Then with a sudden sickening jog in your memory, you remember that this is your last day of classes at college. Your last day—the day you have been looking forward to for four long years! Now that it is here, you don't know whether you're exactly happy or not.

You finally crawl out of bed and dress. As you comb your long tresses, you study yourself in the mirror. You are thoroughly convinced that you do not look like a senior about to graduate. You don't feel like one either. Graduate! If you hadn't rehearsed marching so much, you might forget about graduation.

As you eat your breakfast, you wonder why you don't feel hungry. It must be the heat; it couldn't be anything else.

After breakfast, you gather up your books. You think, "This is the last day I'll ever pick up my books and my little notebook to go to school." It isn't a very elating thought, so you dismiss it from your mind.

On your walk to school, a million small memorable recollections crowd your mind. You remember the day you entered college—you were such a child then and yet so confident in yourself and the future—as college freshmen usually are. You remember the first friends you made in this, your new life. Most of them are your best friends now. You remember all the exams (never really so terrible), the assemblies, the softball games on the field, the hours spent in the library, the endearing influence of various teachers.

During the day, each class is marked by haunting incidents which ironically stir your inner self. It's your last day, and everyone is conspicuously casual just as you are.

You can't shake those thoughts from your mind: "This is my last assembly; this is my last lunch hour; this is my last class; this is my last day." You wonder if any of your classmates are thinking your thoughts too.

The day is over, and you pick up your books and notebook and start for home. A month or two from now, the sadness will be gone. You wish things didn't have to end, but terminations usually mean the beginning of something new, something better, something brighter, like the end of school and the beginning of work with young America.

M. CELESTINE TERROY, '45

Truth is the most powerful weapon in the world.

Hitler has always shouted that the whole world was against him, and now he knows he was right.

When you stop growing mentally you begin to grow old.

—Gellett Burgess

Stifle That Yawn!

Elmer was never at a loss for words. Whether the store was jammed with bargain-seeking women, or conspicuously dotted with clerks like me, Elmer could always be found, leaning his tall body against the coat racks, involved in his favorite pastime—talking about himself. He could, and usually did, chatter monotonously for hours, stopping, now and then, only to catch his breath or to produce a hearty laugh. Yes, he was a nuisance; but we had to agree that his congenial manner was a boon, indeed, on the "slow" days when little or no business walked through the door.

One day Elmer's voice was silent. He had yawned in the middle of the relating of an anecdote which primarily concerned himself. Pandemonium broke loose. Elmer couldn't close his mouth! In the process of opening wide, he had accidentally pushed his jaw out of its assigned position and it refused to snap back.

There are some things in life that are tragically funny, and this was just such an instance. As is usually the case, a curious group of spectators gathered around.

"Slap his face and see what happens!" an excited woman offered. Elmer reddened, and made guttural sounds.

"Push his mouth shut!" someone else cried. This experiment was of no avail. Elmer groaned.

"Poor Elmer!"

"Isn't this a shame?"

"How did it happen?"

"Call a doctor!"

The remarks were numerous; they came from everyone—except Elmer. Some of us were trying desperately not to laugh, for there was a twisted moral in the fact that, for the first time in his life, Elmer really wanted to close his mouth, and couldn't.

"Here's the doctor!"

"Ahughah!" (this from Elmer).

In rushed a stodgy, little doctor crying, "Where's the patient?"

Although few of us had succumbed to laughter before, the sight of a miniature doctor trying to reach lanky Elmer's chin brought all of us to our downfall. The crowd roared, and Elmer gestured wildly.

The diagnosis was given as a dislocated jaw, and the unhappy sufferer was ushered to a waiting ambulance. As he made his way through the crowd, even the best of us was subdued by the terrifyingly frightened look on his red face.

Elmer made a dash for the interior of the store, holding his hand tightly across his mouth, as if he feared it might pop open again. Not a glimpse of him did we see for the rest of the day. The bewildered doctor wearily boarded the ambulance, alone; and the crowd dispersed.

At work the next day, we waited for Elmer to arrive. But the accident had accomplished nothing. He came in just as ready to talk as before—and with a brand new experience to tell and retell to us, his suffering listeners. Elmer is never at a loss for words.

STARTING OUT

Our Bicycle Trip

"How many more miles to go?"

"Is this the last hill?"

No, these questions were not thought questions for a course in methods, for they arose from an actual desire to know. You see, the sunny, Sunday afternoon of April 8th found fifteen of S.T.C.'s most outdoor-loving people happily pushing up long, steep hills and grumbling down slopes because they were too short. All cyclists were on their way to Cedar Lake, Leicester.

It was a perfect day for a trip, and I do mean we enjoyed the hills. One member liked them so much that when she reached the top of extra steep hills, she would turn around and ride down again, just so she'd be able to push her bike to the top again. All of us envied Gerry Guertin's pep!

We arrived at our destination quite famished after the trip. Lunch over, most of us were quite satisfied to move as few muscles as possible for the rest of the afternoon, so I guess I never will know who suggested that hike. However, we did find that walking was not quite so impossible as we first thought it would be. Besides, it was delightful down by the lake, and the water was fine. I suppose I'll have to add no one ventured out past knee-deep territory.

Eventually we conjured up enough energy to start our homeward trip, and we glided back to Worcester with comparative ease.

Le Cercle Francais

The April meeting of the Cercle Français was held in Monday, the ninth. A French play was first on the program presented in the Auditorium. Barbara Tomolonius played the rôle of a young widow and Norbert Bernstein the part of her lover in a little play entitled, "Dans l'Ascenseur."

After the play, elections were held in the French room under the direction of Mary Foley of the Student Council. The following were chosen to lead the Cercle next year: President, Barbara Tomolonius; Vice-President, Doris Skrivars; Secretary, Eileen Bouvier; Treasurer, Norbert Bernstein; Chairman of the Social Committee, Verna Kelly, assisted by Claire Berthiaume and Lillian Plamondon.

An exhibit of "articles de France" followed. In the exhibition were china from Limoges and pottery from Quimper in Brittany; handmade lace from Brittany; a piece of Baccarat glass; a gold-encrusted perfume bottle from Paris, as well as a mother-of-pearl atomizer from the Rue de la Paix; an old French medicine drop bottle; and other souvenirs including bank notes and coins from France and Algeria.

Plans for the final meeting, the traditional banquet to be held in May, were announced by the President, after which refreshments were served under the direction of Social Chairman Frances Sweeney assisted by Marie Oster.

OUR DESTINATION REACHED

Thank You

The members of the Acorn Staff wish to thank the members of the faculty and student body for helping to make our paper a success. We have greatly appreciated your contributions.

We also wish to thank Miss O'Donnell for the help and time she has so willingly given us.

To Heffernan Press we are also indebted. They have done a fine job, and our hats are off to them.

Thanks again to everyone!

Trip to Wayside Inn

On Tuesday afternoon, April 10, the Literary Club with their advisor, Miss Elizabeth M. Barlow, sponsored a literary pilgrimage to Longfellow's Wayside Inn, South Sudbury. Miss Grace A. Keegan assisted by Miss Jean M. Rupp made the necessary arrangements. Over forty students from S.T.C. shared the pleasure and enrichment this trip afforded.

We began our pilgrimage on our own by wandering about the grounds of the estate. The freshmen in our group were fascinated by the Grist Mill with its plunging waterfall and slow moving waterwheel, while the sophomores found the one-room schoolhouse where "Mary went" of particular interest. But the picturesque Martha-Mary Chapel charmed us all!

After taking pictures against the scenic background of the estate, we entered the Inn. Miss Priscilla Staples conducted a tour of the ground floor. In the room immortalized by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Miss Staples, in her charming manner, recreated the scene of the stories, quoting profusely from the poem.

After the tour, we roamed about the second floor where we saw the old and new ballrooms, the bedrooms where historic personages slept, and, hanging on a wall, one of the original copies of the Declaration of Independence.

We were served a most tasty meal in the dining hall, after which we reluctantly headed homeward. We discovered that ample hospitality was still the rule at Longfellow's Wayside Inn.

We Are Americans

(Continued from Page 2)

The Yearbook won the annual Columbia citation two years ago. The plan for it was original with a Chinese boy who had been born in China. One day in class the pupils were writing stories, and the teacher noticed that the lad from China was writing Chinese. He later confessed he was homesick. The teacher decided it would be interesting to develop a series of stories written in the native language of the young authors.

The result was the prize-winning Yearbook in which the English story was written on the page opposite the same in Lithuanian, Polish, Dutch, etc. The little Lithuanian boy could not write Lithuanian, but his uncle could and did. The story in Greek was written by the grandfather of the little Greek boy.

Every bit of the work in the book was done by the pupils—even to the binding and the cover.

One of the chief functions of the English Department is to teach the children how to read the newspapers. They are taught how to analyze propaganda and prejudice, and thus they can prevent both from spreading.

The report cards are very interesting in that they give no marks for subject matter mastered. They are intended to show growth on the part of the child in social life, attitudes, appreciations, and adaptability.

I think it is plain to us all that we can be better Americans if we try to eliminate prejudice as it is being eradicated in the schools of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Mary Reeves, '46

The Famous New York Trip

The greatly anticipated New York trip is now a dream of the past, but it will live forever in our memories.

We left Monday at 10:20 by train and arrived at 3:00 at Grand Central Station. For our first night in New York we all had delicious steaks at Caruso's Restaurant and attended the excellent play, The Late George Apley.

On Tuesday we arose at 10:00 and brunched at one of the famous Child's Restaurants. From here we went up classy Fifth Avenue to Radio City and then to the Music Hall. We ended our Tuesday activities with the Ice Show and then it was off to bed.

On Wednesday we followed our pre-arranged schedule again and took a ferry to see the Statue of Liberty and the skyline. This was followed by a tour of the Empire State Building. Then we went back to the hotel to eat, dress, and get off in time to see our favorite radio program, Jack Carson.

Thursday, and the alarm went off at 8:30 instead of 10:00, for we had shopping to do at Macy's, Gimbel's and Sak's. Eva bought a beautiful Chinese topper done in the well-known Macy style. We returned to get our bags ready, checked out, and then we were in our seats listening to the wonderful stage performance of "Oklahoma."

The train left at 11:30 and all were there, bag and baggage for our return trip to Worcester.

Friday morning brought to tired feet a well-deserved rest.

Debating Society

The Debating Society has completed another successful season under the direction of Miss Margaret M. Banigan of the faculty. The National Debate question was selected as the topic for discussion. The question is: "Resolved: That the United States should adopt compulsory arbitration of labor problems."

Salem State Teachers College was the guest of W.S.T.C. on March 25. The judge was Mr. Gerald Anderson.

On April 3, Rhode Island College came to Worcester for another "battle of the wits" session which was followed by a lively discussion in which the audience participated.

W.S.T.C. was the guest of Holy Cross College on April 10. This was was followed by a discussion on April 14, at the Sheraton Hotel, given for the Catholic Women's Club. The subject at this time was: "Resolved: That the United States should adopt compulsory peacetime military training." The Misses Mary M. McDonnell and Margaret Barsam participated in the discussion, with Geraldine M. Kane as chairman.

The club will bring this year's activities to a close with a trip to Boston.

Assembly

(Continued from Page 1)

THURSDAY, STUDENTS' DAY

The following students participated in the programs:

Barbara Tomolonius spoke on "The Liberation of Paris." Maureen Warner introduced to the college the new sound motion-picture machine. She was chairman also for a report from the W.A.A. of a trip to Bridgewater and Hyannis, the following students participating: Mary Gagnon and Maureen Cove.

The Snow Trip was reported by the following students: Janet Marsh, Virginia McGinn, Virginia McDonald, Mary Bryson, Mary Carroll, Patricia Hehir, Patricia Doyle, Dorothy T. Smith, Betty Kennedy, and Maureen Cove.

June Scott with Miss Warner presented a series of programs on "Hosteling," including a film, and two original programs.

Barbara Nichols and her sister sang cowboy songs to guitar accompaniment.

June Scott, Selections on the Violin.

Katharine Fenton, Writing as a Hobby.

Laura Jacobson, Vocal Solos.

Eleanor Wentworth, Vocal Solos.

Louise Temple, Piano Soloist.

Katherine Govin, Piano Soloist.

Musical Contest for all under the direction of the Freshman Class.

Film: The Movies March on (March of Time), introduced by Mary McDonnell.

Film: Sports and Cartoon, introduced by Margaret Murray.

The entire Sophomore Class participated in a Friday program. The entire Senior Class participated in "Cap and Gown Day." Bible Readings, preceding the programs, were read by Seniors and Juniors, except on group program days.

The Friday Assemblies (the "long" assemblies) were as follows:

Student Programs: Orientation Day, Student Council, Virginia Palmer, President; Cap and Gown Day, Seniors, Margaret Halley, President; Sophomore Musical, Catherine Henigan, President, Margaret Murray and Doris Skrivars,—authors and directors; Yale Film, Yorktown, announced by Claire Berthiaume; Christmas Program, under direction of Mr. Healy; Pan-American Day, Geography Department, Dr. Shaw, directing.

Alumnae Programs: Miss Marguerite Burns (1900), "Hobby: Buttons"; Miss Florence Newfield, '42. "Working for the *Telegram*"; Mrs. Kenneth Kaneb, '38 (Genevieve Watkins), Violinist

Lectures: Mr. William C. Bowen, "A Day in Court"; Mrs. John Mahoney, "Interracial Tensions"; Nancy Burncoat "Famous Newspaper Women"; Mr. Charles E. Shepard, "Your State Legislature"; Mrs. Lawrence Sullivan, "Ireland"; Mr. Russell Mack, "Education for All America."

Special Programs: Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, "Arrangement in Christmas Decorations, Flowers and Greens" (exhibits). Mr. Robert Wright, "Parachutes" (exhibits, lecture and film). Russel Mason, "Adventuring With Birds" (lecture and kodachrome film). Miss Marion Rudkin, "An Hour With the New Books," Reading.

Musical Programs: Mr. Albert Walters, Violinist; Musical, Trumpeteers and Harmonizers, directed by Mr. Walters. Program for Piano and Organ: Allan Boutwell and Mrs. Irene L. Burnham. Organ Recital' Mme. Lorette Charron.

Other Programs (at irregular hours): Bobbie Simonton: "Work of the International Students' Society." Dr. Krishnalal Shridharani: "India." Yeoman 1st Class Euclide Peltier: Kodachrome Movies of Australia. Sergeant Leo J. Charbonneau: "Experience in Oran." Lieut. Alfred Barrios: "A Pilot's Day." Speaker from the American Red Cross and film, March of Time, Red Cross Overseas. Captain Buckelew, Cushing Hospital, "The Problem of the Returning Soldier." Shirley Albert: USO Camp Shows: "With the Army in Italy."

Research--?

AH-CHEW! First that walk in the rain and now the sacred dust of years irritated my scholastic nostrils. Judging by the grim covers, the History books on the back shelf had rested undisturbed for several generations. So they would be yet, but our professor would insist on a term paper in History. With due apology to any literary ghost I might have awakened from its historic slumbers, I piled the grimy tomes in my arms and walked once more into the light of day.

To be more exact I braved the astonished stares of a group of high school students gathered for their library period. With a haste I hoped was collegiate and dignified, I scurried for the corner table. But who can be dignified with dust up her nose and a pile of seven weighty books slipping out from under her arm?

The high school delegation was not impressed. The librarian was. She smiled primly in my direction and announced in a voice as stiffly correct as her white-collared black dress: "We have a guest today who wants to do some work. You must be on your best behavior, children, and show her what quiet students you all can be."

I heroically ignored the snickers and opened the first dusty book. But no sooner had I found the right page, than a Quiotic freshman with six feet of growth and a squeaky voice bowed low in front of me with, "Have a dust cloth on me."

With a flourish that all but upset my precarious poise, he whisked the hankie under my still twitching nose. The offended librarian indignantly ordered him out—amid the giggles of the delighted audience. I returned to my first page, pretending not to see the joyous wink with which the departing freshman favored me.

A sort of whispering silence fell upon my historical research. The dust had settled and I got so far as to uncap my pen and arrange my note cards in even rows all over my table, when my elbow was gently joggled by the personage who is clerk of the ration board, library trustee, town news reporter, and what have you. With great surprise she inquired, "Why, when did you get home? What college are you going to? Oh, pardon me, I didn't realize you were studying."

All in one breath she breezed off again to add my homecoming to the vital bit of news for the day. Studying indeed! She probably thought all those dusty volumes were surrounding me just for the atmosphere. COLLEGE STUDENT HOME ON VACATION BURIES HERSFLF IN LOCAL LIBRARY. It's a good thing the *Gazette* edits the work of its reporters.

The clock behind the last stack crept around to two. A new group of high schoolers came to stare at the freak at the corner table. Unfortunately, I knew some of them. The sympathetic librarian's flutterings did not keep one of my friends from announcing in a loud voice: "Stop kidding us. You didn't really intend to do any studying in here at all."

I sweetly smiled at the pile of books and said, "Of course not. I only walked a mile in the rain to get my daily exercise lugging these historic tomes around. It's a special trick we learn at college."

To prove it, I promptly collected the whole dusty group and returned it to the solitude of the back shelf once again. With four besmudged note cards, plus matching face, I departed into the rain, musing, "Oh well, vacations weren't meant to do term papers in anyway."

Newman Club

The Newman Club concludes this season with a Communion breakfast on Sunday, April 29. A long established precedent, this final devotional service is always eagerly awaited and is long remembered by club members.

The reception this year is to be held at Putnam & Thurston's Restaurant with Rev. Fr. William L. Lucey, S.J., of Holy Cross College as speaker. His topic is "The San Francisco Conference." Members of the club who are in charge of arrangements are: Margaret Halley, general chairman; Virginia Palmer, chairman of entertainment committee; Barbara Tomolonius, favors; Katherine Hennigan, tickets; Eva Frazier, tables. Jeanne Gagnon will entertain with songs at the reception.

I. R. C.

The International Relations Club has climaxed another year of varied activities. This year, as in the past, the members of the club have participated in round table discussions of pertinent international problems, given book reviews, and have contributed many fine books to our library. We express our sincere thanks at this time.

The I.R.C. has been invited to the home of their faculty advisor, Dr. Winslow, for the last meeting of the year. Officers for the coming year are: Sylvia Adams, President; Frances Katunas, Vice-President; Angela Perry, Secretary; and Phyllis Boucher, Treasurer. All are members of the class of '47.

Diary of Drusilla

Monday: Come to school after mad whirl of week-end, sans physics problem. Attempt to compensate for lack during chapel while president is sharing interesting book with us. Warned by feminine intuition, look up straight into glare of college head directed at hapless little self. Try to disappear behind head of girl in front with complete lack of success. Freshmen, please don't copy.

Tuesday: Start climb to library with intentions of finishing history readings. Pause on landing to gaze out of window. Am overcome by beauty of scenery and hasten out of doors to enjoy balmy weather. Believe first hand information of nature to be important part of education, especially in spring. History professor, please agree.

Wednesday: Am finally forced by pressure of circumstances to give speech in course of same name. Manage to stutter and gulp for apparent two hours to accompaniment of knocking knees. Pronounce "noo" new twenty times, hurry through part of pre-arranged conclusion, glance at clock to find but ten minutes, then retreat to comparative safety of seat, breathless and weak. Oh to be a happy, care-free alumna, without trials and tribulations of a typical sophomore!

Thursday: While playing softball, decide to give all for team and slide into third to detriment of newly washed gym suit, morale, and whatever trace of glamour possessed by yours truly. Try to maintain dignity in spite of bedraggled condition of self, but finally disrupt entire game by hitting friend with pillow used as base. Finally go home in anticipation of aching muscles and extremely lame Drusilla.

Friday: "Experience is a hard teacher," but in Drusie's case not a very efficient one. Hmm, must be something wrong with methods. Despite conscience-smiting experience of Monday, misbehave again in assembly. Best I give up hopes of becoming paragon of virtue commonly known as teacher, it being physically and mentally impossible for such a rogue to set shining example to students. Perhaps miracles can be wrought in two years. Entertain self in said assembly by playing tunes upon hair pulled from scalp of friend. Am later questioned as to cause of disturbance in row. Quick like a mouse Drusie responds, "was testing speed of sound as-off-the-record-physics experiment!" Arrive home to find letter from Hubert who is coming home—with *friend*. Vacation holds interesting possibilities!

League of Nations

Consternation reigned on the afternoon of March 17, when the committee engaged in decorating for the freshman dance discovered that the supply of Scotch tape was rapidly running out! The day was saved when Rose K., with her usual good nature, volunteered to go downtown for more.

As she rode along, she broke into an irrepressible giggle.

"If this isn't funny," she chuckled, "a mad Russian going downtown for Scotch tape for an Irish dance!"

Spring and I

Oh, I'm lazy in the springtime
And confinement makes me blue;
What with studies and my classes,
I have much, too much to do.

I am longing for the sunshine,
Lessons have no lure for me;
I would postpone education,
For a while I would be free.

Spring is only for a season,
And I feel the call to roam,
Wander by the brook and woodlands,
Make the great outdoors my home.

Signs of spring are all about me,
Girls decked out in dresses new,
Preening, primping, trying hair-do's
Tell me, don't you do this too?

So, weary teachers, please be patient,
Soon this mood will pass away;
Then our thoughts will turn to schoolwork,
And our dreams will fade away.

MARY E. MURPHY, '48

Alumni Echoes

(Continued from Page 1)

Virginia M. Burke, '38, is now on the faculty of Walpole High School.

Louise McClintock Brunzell, '38, now teaches history at Northboro High School.

Anita Samuelson Nordstrom, '38, is on the faculty of Shrewsbury High School.

Constance M. Callahan, '38, is a recreational worker with the Red Cross in New Guinea.

Shirley Albert, '42, has just returned from Italy where, as a member of a U.S.O. entertainment troupe, she had many interesting experiences.

Lt. and Mrs. Joseph Tracy (Ruth Brennan, '42) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Ann Brown, '42, was married December 18 to Eugene F. Spellman, N.S.N.R.

Betty Koss, '42, became Mrs. Alfred Kriznowek in February.

Mary O'Neil, '42, became the bride of Lt. Lee F. Bartlett, Jr., in December.

Congratulations and best wishes!

Mrs. Kenneth Kaneb (Genevieve Watkins, '38) delighted S.T.C. students with a group of violin selections at a resent assembly.

Eleanor DeMille, '43, has recently been appointed instructor of geology and geography at Mt. Holyoke College for 1945-1946. She has been an assistant in the department this year. Congratulations!

Mrs. Arthur E. Lindroos (Helen Nieminen, '44) is now teaching in California.

Jean L. Campbell, '43, a licensed pilot, has joined the Women's Marine Corps.

THANKS

The staff extends its thanks to the following typists who so generously gave their time for this issue of the ACORN:

KAY FENTON
PAT HEHIR
ROSE KALETSKI
MARY LOU LENK